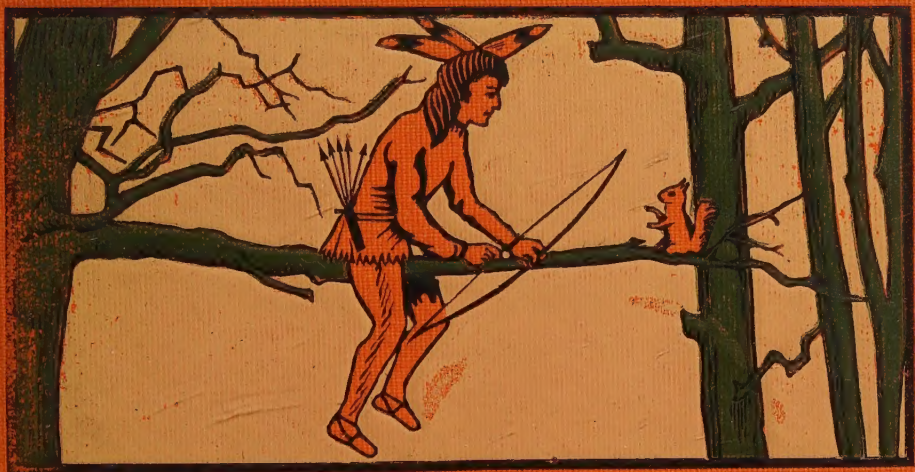




TEN LITTLE INDIANS

MARY
HAZELTON
WADE

Ten Little Indians



A LITTLE ARAWAK

Ten Little Indians

STORIES OF HOW INDIAN CHILDREN LIVED
AND PLAYED

BY

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TEN LITTLE INDIANS

*“To those who love their country and desire to
know its history”*

CONTENTS

	PAGE
IZTEL, THE LITTLE ARAWAK	11
TIZOC, THE LITTLE AZTEC	29
LORENZO, THE LITTLE PUEBLO	53
POCAHONTAS, THE LITTLE POWHATAN	77
HABBOMAK, THE LITTLE WAMPANOAG	105
ONODA, THE LITTLE MOHAWK	127
NAHDIN, THE LITTLE CHIPPEWA	151
GREY EAGLE, THE LITTLE SIOUX	171
ELK CALF, THE LITTLE BLACKFOOT	195
SILVER MOON, THE LITTLE PAWNEE	223

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
<i>A Little Arawak</i>	<i>Frontispiece</i>
<i>A Little Aztec</i>	42
<i>A Little Pueblo</i>	66
<i>A Little Powhatan</i>	92
<i>A Little Wampanoag</i>	118
<i>A Little Mohawk</i>	140
<i>A Little Chippewa</i>	162
<i>A Little Sioux</i>	184
<i>A Little Blackfoot</i>	210
<i>A Little Pawnee</i>	236

Iztel, the Little Arawak

FOREWORD

FRIDAY morning, October 12, 1492, Columbus first set foot on the shores of the new world. At the same time he looked upon people who were different from any he had seen before.

They were entirely naked. Their skins were reddish-brown. They had fine black eyes. Their black hair was straight and coarse. The men had no beards. Many of these strange people were painted in different colors. Some of them had their entire bodies covered with the paint, while others had only ornamented their faces with it.

Nearly five hundred years before the time of Columbus, the Norsemen had come to America. They called it Vinland. They found the red men living here. But Columbus did not know of what the Norsemen had done. Neither did the other people of Europe. They did not learn of it till hundreds of years after the time of Columbus.

You have all heard why Columbus started out on his

dangerous voyage. He was searching for a way from Europe to India by water. He thought he would find it by sailing westward. He did not dream there were great bodies of land in the world other than Asia, Africa, and his own home, Europe.

When he landed at San Salvador, an island of the West Indies near the shores of North America, he thought he was near the mainland of India. This is why he called the natives Indians, and so all the natives found in the three Americas have been called Indians from that day to this.

The red men of the West Indies were divided into two great tribes. Those on the northern islands were called Arawaks; those on the southern, Caribs.

These two tribes were very different from each other. The Arawaks were gentle and timid. The Caribs were fierce and warlike. The people of San Salvador, the first native Americans met by Columbus, were Arawaks.

He treated the red men with kindness. But the Spaniards who came after him did not follow his example. Many of them were people who had broken the laws of their own country. Some of them were even murderers. But the king of Spain had said, "I will pardon anyone, no matter what crime he has done, if he will go among the Indians and live there for two years." He did this because few of the better class of

his people were willing to venture so far away. King Ferdinand was very anxious to get the rich supplies of gold and silver from the mines in the West Indies.

Now you can imagine what hard days were in store for the poor, gentle Arawaks. They were forced to work in the mines. They were treated with great cruelty by their white masters. Those who were not killed outright, became sick and helpless. It was only a few years before all the Arawaks on the islands were dead.

It was not so with the Caribs. They fought again and again with the white men. But the Spaniards became too strong for them and they were at last obliged to flee from place to place. A few of their descendants can still be found among the mountains of the West Indies.

Iztel, the Little Arawak

ONCE upon a time there was a little red child who knew nothing but joy. He lived on the shore of a beautiful island which the cold and freezing winter never visits. We call this island Porto Rico, but the red child knew it as Boriquen.

All the year round the tall palm trees swayed overhead, and the gentle breezes sang sweet songs to the little boy. He was never hungry, for there were always delicious fruits which he could eat whenever he wished. Bananas and cocoanuts grew without any help from the people. Oranges and limes could be had for the picking. Fish were plentiful in the waters near by, and Mother Nature seemed ever to be saying, "I love you, my gentle red children. You do not need to work; I will give you everything you wish."

And so it was that little IzteI grew up in this happy, easy life, without a care. Every day he bathed in the clear waters of the ocean, and often spent hours in swimming matches with his boy friends. When he became tired of this sport, he could swing in his ham-

mock under the palm trees, and listen to the stories the birds told him as they nestled in the branches overhead.

Perhaps the red child took his canoe and raced with his playmates over the waves. It was hard to tell what pleasure he enjoyed the most, for each moment in turn seemed happier than the one before it. The boy had a tiny bow and arrows, but he seldom used them. His heart was too kind and tender to delight in killing any living thing.

Iztel's loving mother taught him that there was a God, who lived in the sky and was all-powerful. But this wondrous Being had many messengers on earth. They had charge of the winds and the waves, the rains and the clouds. The people called them zemes and represented them by stone or wooden statues.

Festivals were often given in honor of the zemes. There were songs and dances at such times, and cakes trimmed with flowers were placed as offerings before the statues.

The Arawaks (for this was the name of Iztel's people) had one enemy whom they greatly dreaded. It was the fierce Caribs. They lived on other islands, but sometimes visited the shores of Boriquen. They were of the same race as Iztel, but they were fierce pirates

and very unlike the gentle Arawaks, who did not know very well how to resist them.

Iztel had never seen any of these Caribs. He had only heard his father's stories of their fierceness and cruelty. They had not visited the part of the island where Izstel lived, since he was born. And so, as I said, he had not as yet known trouble of any kind.

To be sure, he was sometimes a little fearful when he thought of the Caribs. He often sat on the shore and looked out to sea to discover if they were anywhere in sight. They were a strong, handsome people, but they painted their faces so as to make them look fearful.

Iztel shuddered as he thought of them. If he should see anything far out on the ocean, he could not be sure it was these cruel enemies until too late to hide. For they had been known to deck their boats with palm leaves, so as to mask them. They were so clever and cunning, no one knew what they might do next.

"The Caribs say they first came from a great country far away in the north," Izstel's father told him one day. "As they moved southward, they conquered all the people they came across. They believe their tribe grew up out of stones planted in the ground by still earlier people. The first men came down out of the clouds to clean the earth. They wished to make it as pure as the moon.

"While they were working, the clouds rose into the sky and left them behind. What trouble they were in now! They had nothing to eat. Must they starve to death? They became so hungry that at last they scraped up the clay and made it into cakes. They baked these cakes hoping they would become tender enough to eat. But, alas for the people, the clay became as hard as a stone!

"Then it was that the birds and beasts took pity on them and showed them groves and fields that they had not seen before. There were nuts and yams, bananas and cocoanuts,—everything a hungry stomach could wish.

"These first men found one tree so large that they chopped at it for ten whole months before it fell. They ate every bit of the tree, so you may believe they were hungry.

"It happened there was a cave beneath the tree and a wonderful being, called the Water Mother, lived there. She was angry because the tree had been cut down, and sent a flood to destroy the people.

"My dear child, I wish it had ended the lives of all Caribs then and there. But as the water rushed along, a rock fell into the cave, and the flood stopped. It was a wonderful rock, for it was alive, and it spoke to the people. It said, 'When you grow old, you must prepare

for a deluge. I will help you, however, all I can.' This was very kind, and the promise was faithfully kept. But there were some mischievous monkeys in the woods. One of them worked at the rock in the mouth of the cave till he moved it from its place.

"You can guess what happened. The waters rushed out in a perfect flood and the people fled to a tall palm tree that reached the sky. If they climbed this palm tree, they would be able to save their lives.

"But an old woman was the first one in the tree. By the time she was halfway up, she got so frightened she could climb no farther. There she stayed till she turned to stone. Of course, she blocked the way to everyone else. If they touched her, they also turned to stones.

"There were a few who were wise enough to go back to the earth again. They managed to get through the fast-rising waters and reach another tree. In this way some saved themselves from destruction."

"Where did you learn this story?" asked little Iztel.

"One of our people was taken prisoner by the Caribs and he heard it while he was among them. After a while, he managed to escape and made his way back to this happy home."

"Father, do you believe there really was a deluge?"

"Certainly, my child. This island where we live is

the top of a mountain that once reached far above the ocean. But after the flood, the waters sank away enough to leave this part high and dry. Do not look troubled, Iztel; we need not fear another flood. The priests do not warn us of such a thing and, surely, they would know."

Iztel was quiet for a few moments. Then he said, "Father, is it true that wonderful beings once came to these shores and that they looked quite unlike ourselves? I have heard it said that they had white skins and wore garments all over their bodies."

"Yes, Iztel. But I did not see them. It happened before you were born, and I was living in a different part of the island. They spoke to our people in a strange language. We could not understand their talk, but they made signs to show they had come a long, long distance."

The boy's father pointed toward the east. "Their home was far away across these mighty waters. I do not know whether they were men or angels. They took some of our people away with them and we have not seen them since."

The red man was speaking of the visit of Columbus to Porto Rico. He landed on the shores of the island after his discovery of San Domingo. He still thought he was sailing along the coast of India, and for this

reason he called the people Indians. We have continued to call all red men by this name ever since. Iztel's father went on:

"When the chief of these strange beings looked about him, he seemed greatly pleased. He liked our beautiful land and pleasant breezes so well that perhaps he will come again."

Yes, it was true. Columbus had called the island a perfect paradise. He landed at two different places. There were so many kinds of delicious fruit on every hand, as well as so much gold in the sands of the rivers, that he named one of the landing places Puerto Rico (or, as we say, Porto Rico), or the Rich Port. Since then the whole island has been called by that name.

After Iztel's father finished talking, he stretched himself out on the beach for a nap. But his little son had no thought of sleeping. He was thinking of the ocean. What was there far away on the other side? Did the world come to an end there? Or, if he kept traveling onward, should he reach the home of those wondrous beings of whom his father had spoken? He sat a long time, looking and wondering, and making pictures in his mind of strange, imaginary sights far away.

And as he looked and dreamed and wondered, he saw a tiny speck far out on the water. Was it the fin of a

shark? O no, that could not be seen such a long distance away. Perhaps it was the war boat of Caribs who were on the way to attack his people!

But sec, the speck grew larger. It now seemed like the wing of a great white bird. Every moment it was changing. Not one wing only, but several could be seen.

"Father, dear father, wake up," said the little red boy. "Look out upon the ocean at that wondrous creature moving toward us. What can it be? It does not rise in the air, but is moving along over the surface of the water."

The red man was wide awake in a moment. He sprang to his feet and looked long and anxiously out to sea.

"There are beings of some kind moving about beneath those wings," he said after a few moments. "But it cannot be the Caribs, my son, for they never travel in this manner. It may be angels who are about to visit us. Run and call our people. Bid them come to the shore that we may all be waiting to do proper honor to those great beings."

What was it that Iztel and his father were watching? It was the ship bringing Ponce de Leon and a band of cruel Spaniards. And why did they come here in the track of Columbus? Because of the gold they hoped to find and of the riches they expected to gain.

They had no love and tenderness in their hearts for the simple, gentle red men who greeted them. O no, they thought of them as heathens; and the cruel natures of the Spaniards judged no suffering too great for those who did not believe as they did themselves.

As they drew near to the shore, our little Iztel, with his father and friends, swam out to the ship. They carried offerings of the best they had to these wondrous beings, as they thought Ponce de Leon and his company. There were fruits, and flowers, and ornaments of gold. You may be sure the eyes of the Spaniards glistened when they saw the gold.

Do you suppose the white visitors explained that they were not angels, but were just men, who lived and died like the trusting red people? Certainly not. They believed they could conquer the country more easily if they let the natives think they were beings who never died and who had some wonderful power they did not understand.

And so they landed, and every possible honor was shown them. Feasts were spread; dances were given and songs sung. Processions of the most beautiful youths and maidens passed before the white men.

Iztel's people did all they could, in their simple way, for the entertainment of their visitors. They not only gave them their own homes, and their weapons, and their

ornaments, but they led them to the places where the gold could be found,—the mines in the rocks, and the rivers whose sands contained the precious metal.

The end of happiness came all too soon. Iztel and all his family were made the slaves of the white men. The whole village, and, indeed, all the people on the island, were treated in the same way. Cruel things were done to the red people wherever the white men came. Oh! such cruel things, you would not like to hear about them.

There was no more of the happy, easy life in the palm groves. The Arawaks had to work from morning till night in the dark mines. The beautiful sunlight and the clear, fresh air were now almost unknown to them.

But the Spaniards were never satisfied. "More gold! More gold!" was their only cry. And while they waited for it to be brought to them, they amused themselves in torturing the red men who became too weak to work.

Is it any wonder that the strong and healthy little Iztel grew thinner and weaker every day? No more smiles came to his face, nor bright glances from his black eyes.

One day when he had dragged himself to a cave that was unknown to the cruel slaveholders, a kind friend of his own race came to him with great news. He had

escaped from the Spaniards some time before and had made his home in this cave.

"They are not free from death," the man whispered. "These white men are like ourselves. We believed they were angels and could not die.

"But our people have proved that it is not so; and now we shall rise against these cruel masters and drive them from our land."

The man sighed, as he added slowly, "That is, if we can."

"How did they prove it?" asked Iztel, weakly. He was too sick to be excited even over this wonderful news.

"I will tell you. Some of our men were told to carry one of the white leaders across the river. They bore him on their shoulders as they waded through the water. When they reached a deep place, they put him under the water. They held him there a long, long time after he stopped struggling.

"He was stiff and cold when they brought him to the shore. Even then they feared he might be alive, and they watched his body for three whole days. At last they felt quite sure that he was dead,—yes, dead as any red man could be. News was brought to our own chief, and now, Iztel, *now* our people are secretly making ready for war.

"The white men have cheated us. We no longer

believe the beads they gave us for our gold are from the heaven they described. Ah! they have been so cruel to us, and we trusted them so entirely!"

The man drew a long sigh as he looked in pity at the poor little lad at his side.

"I wish with all my heart they would leave us," said Iztel. "I have heard that their great chief has asked many questions about the Fountain of Youth. He looks old and sick. He needs to drink of its waters. Our people do not know just where it is, but it is on some island not very far away. We feel sure of that. O, that those proud and cruel people would search for it and leave us to ourselves."

The red boy closed his eyes as he finished speaking. He was very, very tired. The man gently lifted Iztel's head and placed it in his lap. In a few minutes he again opened his eyes and whispered softly, "Dear friend, when I die I do not wish to go to the heaven the white men describe, for they told us the Spaniards will be there, too."

These were Iztel's last words. Surely he was forgiven, if he needed any forgiveness, since the only picture his mind held of the Spaniards was of their love of gold and their cruelty. He had seen them use the heads of his father and his mother as targets, for they

sometimes shot at the helpless, gentle Arawaks for pure amusement if there were no other sport at hand.

To-day there are none of Iztel's people left to tell the sad story.

When Ponce de Leon came among them he found hundreds of thousands of the red race on the island. It was but a few years before more than half of them had died from hard work in the mines, and cruel treatment from the Spaniards.

After a while, Ponce de Leon went in search of the wonderful fountain, as little Iztel had hoped he would do. You probably know the story,—how he reached Florida and drank from the waters of its springs, each time believing he had found the life-giving fountain. You have also heard how, in that flowery land, he was shot by the arrow of an angry Indian.

The arrow was a poisoned one, and not long afterward he died from the wound.

But that was years after little Iztel had bidden farewell to the beautiful home where he had known no care or trouble till the coming of the Spaniards.

Tizoc, the Little Aztec

FOREWORD

WE usually think of all red men as savages. Yet when the Spaniards, under Cortez, visited the mainland of North America, they found a remarkable nation of Indians living in Mexico and Central America. Six tribes in this nation were held together and ruled over by the seventh one which had its home on the plateau of Mexico.

These people called themselves Aztecas. They said, "Before we came to Mexico we had another home. It was Aztatlan, or the 'Place of the Heron.'" But no one to-day knows where the Aztecs' old home was.

When they arrived in the beautiful country of Mexico, they found other people, called Toltecs, living there. But the Toltecs were few in number. They were the last of a great race. Monuments were still standing to show they loved beauty and had wisdom.

The Toltecs taught the Aztecs many things. They showed them how to work the gold and silver found in the mines. They taught them to make a kind of bronze from which to shape beautiful dishes and ornaments.

The Aztecs learned so much from these teachers that they built a wonderful city and laid out the most beautiful gardens. This city was built on islands. It was so strongly placed that Cortez and his army fought against the Aztecs for seventy-five days before he could take it.

He was amazed at the knowledge and wealth of these red men. At the same time he said, "Their religion is a terrible one. They make sacrifices of human beings. They do not worship the one true God. It is right to destroy them."

Their beautiful city was torn down by the Spaniards. Their power was broken. Their riches were taken from them and carried to Spain. The empire of the Aztecs was at an end.

They were the first Indians on the continent with whom the white men became well acquainted.

Tizoc, the Little Aztec

“**N**OW, Tizoc, be ready,” said his father in a low voice.

As soon as he had finished speaking, the man slid softly from the boat down under the blue waters of the lake, and was lost to sight. Tizoc followed his father's example.

A moment afterward, two big gourds were popping about on the surface of the water, and under them you could barely see the heads of the man and boy. Other gourds were floating near by, but they did not move as fast as those under which Tizoc and his father were swimming.

Now some beautiful ducks came toward them. The birds had no fear, for they had become used to the sight of the floating gourds, which had been placed there to lure them. As they came close to him, Tizoc stretched out his hands and seized a fine fat duck tightly by its legs. He drew it down under the surface of the water and held it there so it could not make a noise. Then he reached out for other birds.

In a short time both the boy and his father had as much game as they could carry. They swam back to the boat and were soon rowing homeward.

It was a clumsy sort of a boat. It had been hollowed out of the trunk of a tree and was just big enough to hold two people.

"Father, see how fast those boys are moving their raft," said Tizoc as they rowed along. "They have a heavy load, too. I know those boys. They made the raft for crossing the river near their home." Tizoc was looking at a platform of bamboo resting on large empty gourds. Two boys were swimming behind it and pushing it along.

The side of the lake was soon reached, but, as they drew near, Tizoc's father took in his oars, saying, "Let us rest here a few moments, my son, and enjoy the beautiful sight."

He was looking at a floating garden where flowers of many colors were filling the air with sweet odors. There were great beds of plants with lovely foliage, and vegetables, and even one or two trees, growing there.

A small hut of reeds could be seen, but it was almost hidden by the shrubbery. The gardener lived here and every morning he sent a boat load of flowers and vegetables to the city.

Can you imagine how this floating garden was made?

There were many like it along the shores of the lake, and when the first white men came to Mexico, they were filled with wonder at their beauty.

Tizoc has watched the building of a floating garden. He has seen the men gather great quantities of reeds, roots and rushes, and weave them together into a raft. It took a long time, for the raft was as large as a land garden, and a good-sized one at that. Many men worked together at it. They spread a layer of weeds over the framework. A bed of rich earth, drawn up from the bottom of the lake, was placed on top of all the rest. It is no wonder the plants grew rapidly, with the bright sunshine and fresh air above, and the clear water below them.

"When our people first came to live here," Tizoc's father told him, "they made all their gardens in this way. They planted maize and peppers, and many of the vegetables we like so well."

"That was long, long ago," the boy answered slowly, "and they feared enemies, didn't they, father?"

"So we have been told, my child. But now we are a great people and need dread no danger."

Alas! he did not dream that a terrible foe was already on its way across the ocean. It would not be long before the beautiful palaces and wonderful temples of the city would be destroyed. That foe was the white man,—

the Spaniard. He would come with a smile on his face, greeting the Indian with kind words, but he would have cruelty in his heart and terrible weapons in his hands. Terror and ruin were to follow in his train.

Tizoc was an Aztec, and he lived high up on the plateau of Mexico. His home was near a wonderful city built on islands in the midst of a great blue lake. You would call him an Indian, for he belonged to the red race, but it would hardly be right to speak of him as a savage.

His people made fine roads over the country, wove delicate cloths and dyed them with exquisite colors. They built palaces and temples, and had one ruler, who lived in the grandest manner. They had public day schools and boarding schools.

The Aztecs were gentle and courteous to each other, and taught their children to be polite and thoughtful. Yet they worshiped idols and made sacrifices of human beings. They killed their enemies in the most horrible manner, but their strange beliefs made them think it was right to do so.

As Tizoc sat rowing, you would have thought, "What small hands and feet the boy has!" His forehead was narrow and his lips were quite thick, but his black eyes were bright and looked kind and pleasant. His father had a gentle voice and tender manner when he spoke to his son. It did not seem as if he could believe in

such cruel deeds as tearing out the hearts of living people and offering them to God as a sacrifice. But he had been taught by the priests to do these things. He must not question what they said; if he did so, he believed, fearful punishment would be sure to follow.

When Tizoc was born many queer things were done. When his nurse gave him his first bath, she touched his mouth, head and breast with water, and prayed that God would protect him and save him from danger through all his life.

After this important thing, Tizoc's father went into the city in search of the wise men who studied the stars. These men would tell what kind of a life the boy would lead and whether he was to have a good or evil future. They could know these things by a study of the places which the stars held in the heavens at the moment of the baby's birth.

"It is good! It is good!" said the wise men, when they made their report. "There is no bad fortune for the child. He will lead a good and happy life."

Tizoc's father went home very happy and at once invited his friends and relatives, and a number of children, to a feast. He was a poor man, yet he felt he must do this in honor of his first son's birth.

At this time the baby received his second bath and his father placed some tiny tools in his hands. They

were like those the man used in his own work. He expected Tizoc would grow up to follow the same trade as himself. Now was the time to ask for the help of the protecting god who, he believed, had such work in his charge.

Before the prayer was made to this god and the tools were placed in the baby's hands, the children were asked to give him a name. They said at once "Tizoc," for, before the ceremony began, they had been told that his father wished him to have this name.

Then they dressed the new baby and laid him on a bed, praying that the goddess of cradles would warm him on her bosom and that the god of night would give him sweet sleep.

If Tizoc's father had been rich, he would have given a new cloak to each of his visitors. If he had been a soldier, he would have made a bow and four arrows, as well as a soldier's dress, and placed these in the baby's hands instead of the tools. Or, if the baby had been a little girl, he would have given her a spindle, as a sign that she must grow up to be a busy spinner and weaver, like her mother. At Tizoc's odd christening many other strange things were done which there is not time to describe.

The baby grew rapidly. He was healthy and happy,

and a delight to his father and mother, as the wise men had promised.

His home was made of reeds covered with leaves. He slept on a mat of rushes with a block of wood for a pillow. The covering of his bed was the cotton cloak he wore in the daytime. There was plenty of good food to eat, and he could drink fragrant chocolate, sweetened with honey, at every meal.

Not even the nobles among Tizoc's people knew the taste of milk or butter, for there were no cattle in their country. The only eggs they had were those of turkeys, turtles and lizards. But there were quantities of delicious fruits,—bananas, vegetable butter, figs, and numbers of others the names of which are strange to us. There were many kinds of vegetables, and tapioca, and there was always the delicious chocolate.

Tizoc seldom ate meat, but the rich people of his land had turtles, deer, rabbits, and many other kinds of game at their feasts.

The clothing worn by Tizoc and his parents was coarse, for they were poor farmers. It was made of thread from the mountain palm, mostly, but they also spun and wove cotton cloth. Their shoes were made of palm cloth and were tied with strings. They used a great deal of red paint on their arms and faces and wore many ornaments.

Tizoc liked to look at his mother when she had fastened rings of mother-of-pearl in her ears and an amber collar about her neck. She looked very fine, the boy thought, when she added bands set with bright stones, around her arms and ankles.

"You are as beautiful as the rich ladies I sometimes see in the city," he said, "even if you can't wear pearls and emeralds." As he spoke, he passed his hand over her long, flowing hair. She looked down upon him and smiled.

"Tell me how the merchant's wife was dressed to-day. Your father sent you to her grand home to carry maize, didn't he?"

"Yes, mother, and I saw the lady walking in her garden. She was fairly shining with jewels. Even her shoes were fastened with gold cord in which precious stones were set. Her mantle was of fine cotton, with pictures of pretty flowers upon it in the loveliest colors. Delicate feathers were woven into the cloth, and bits of gold were used in the trimming. Her husband must be a very rich man."

"Yes, Tizoc, he travels long distances and has many slaves to carry his goods from place to place. He brings back precious things from all over the country, and has many buyers in the market-place."

"I know that, mother. I saw him there to-day.

Crowds were gathered about him. They were eager to see what he had brought from the seacoast below us."

"There were thousands of people in the place, I suppose. It is always crowded."

"Yes, of course. But there was never a finer show, I believe; the stands looked all the more beautiful because there were such masses of flowers and foliage around them."

"Of all you saw, what did you like best, Tizoc?"

"It was hard for me to leave the goldsmiths. They had many lovely toys and ornaments. But I thought of what you have often told me, that I must not linger in the market-place, for then my work is forgotten. So I hurried along and passed the stands of delicious cakes and pastry without stopping. I did not even turn to look at the piles of bright-colored mantles and curtains, nor at the stands of gilded vases and painted jars. But, all at once, I came close to a man who was selling feather pictures. They were so beautiful and wonderful, my feet would not take another step. I looked and looked. How can people do such work, mother?"

"Only artists who have studied all their lives can do it, Tizoc. You are right in believing they are the most wonderful work of our people."

"But how is it possible for the artists to lay on the feathers so that they look as if they were painted there?"

"You know they use the finest and most beautiful feathers of humming birds. They touch them only with something very soft, for fear of rumpling them. Several men work together. Sometimes a man will work all day in matching a single feather and putting it in its proper place."

"What makes the feathers stay where they are placed?"

"They use the sticky juice of a plant. When the feathers are all laid on, they are then carefully polished, and it is hard to tell the work from a painting."

"I suppose our great king has many of these beautiful things in his palace. Oh! it must be a wonderful palace. I have heard that he eats from dishes of gold and silver."

Just then, Tizoc's father came into the house. He heard the last words of his son.

"The king has just passed through the city," he said. "I was talking with a friend when I saw a crowd of nobles coming down the street. In their midst I caught sight of the royal palanquin shining with gold. As it drew nearer, I could see the canopy of bright feather work, sprinkled with jewels and fringed with silver. How it sparkled in the sunlight! In a few moments it had passed. I knew the king was within, and I bent down to the ground, as a true subject should do. I dared not lift my eyes before his sacred majesty."

"I love the emerald above all precious stones," said his wife. "It is our ruler's favorite gem, and its color is that of royalty."

"Yes, green plumes were fastened on his head and waved downward over his back. I saw them as I watched the procession out of sight," said Tizoc's father.

"Hundreds of nobles serve him in the palace, do they not?" asked Tizoc.

"You could better say thousands, my son. Each day, at his meals alone, four hundred young men attend him. They bring the plates containing food and set them on the table before him, and then leave the hall.

"Birds, fish, fruits and vegetables of all kinds are placed before him. Some of them have been brought from the shores of the ocean below us on the very day they are eaten.

"Each plate of cooked food is kept hot over dishes containing fire. The king does not speak as he points to the food he wishes to eat. The other dishes are given to the courtiers, who are in the next hall."

"Does he eat from golden dishes, father?" asked Tizoc. "That is what I have heard."

"The cups are sometimes of gold, sometimes of pearl, or are carved from gourds and beautifully painted. The other dishes are usually of the finest clay. Our king never uses them a second time, however. After he has

once eaten from them he gives them to his courtiers."

"It is the same way with his clothing," said Tizoc's mother. "He changes his garments several times a day, and never wears the same ones twice. At least, so I have heard."

"Who waits upon him after the young men leave the hall?" asked Tizoc. The boy loved to hear the stories of what happened at the great stone palace, with its hundred rooms and immense halls.

"The king's wives and the chief noble, my son. It is a delight to them to do him service. People say that at these times our ruler takes pleasure in the music made on different instruments, and the funny sayings of his jesters. When the meal is over, he smokes tobacco perfumed with liquid amber. Then comes a restful nap, after which he is ready to listen to his subjects and give comfort and advice to all who seek it."

"He has made our city more beautiful than any ruler before him," said Tizoc's mother. "Think of the two great menageries that are the wonder of all visitors."

"The one in which the birds are kept contains ten ponds!" cried Tizoc. "I know that. Some of the ponds are filled with salt water for the sea-birds, while fresh water is kept in others so that the river-birds may have what they need. There are so many different kinds of birds I do not think I could count them."



A LITTLE AZTEC

"Three hundred men are kept busy in feeding the birds and giving them proper care," replied his father. "I am told that each feathered creature is given whatever food it likes best in its wild state, whether it be grain, or fruits, or insects. The men collect the eggs with the greatest care, and pluck the feathers needed for the garments of the king and the pictures which hang on his walls."

As he finished speaking, Tizoc looked up and said thoughtfully, "The birds must be happy there. They are never hungry. Besides, they can't miss their native forests, for gardens filled with beautiful trees surround their home."

"Let us see if you can name all the animals living in the other menagerie," said his father.

Tizoc named deer, pumas, foxes, wolves, bears, buffaloes, serpents of different kinds, iguanas, and many others. When he mentioned alligators, it made him think of a question he wished to ask his father.

"You promised to tell me how you killed the alligator the other day," he said.

"He was very large and his great jaws snapped angrily at me as I came near him. But I was not afraid. I had a sharp-pointed stick in my hand and I went straight up to him. With a quick motion I thrust it between the jaws and into the alligator's throat. The blood

poured forth and the creature was helpless. After that, it was an easy matter to kill him. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I suppose so, father, but you were very brave to face the monster. If you had failed in your thrust, you would not be here now to tell it."

His father smiled. "I am here, you see, and the thing was easily done. But come, my boy, you must get to your work. You know our king hates idlers and loves nothing more than to see his people busy."

Tizoc had been taught to obey without a question, so he started at once for the field of maize which he had been told to hoe.

His young friends seldom dared to speak in the presence of their parents. They were brought up in the strictest manner and never thought of asking questions, as Tizoc did. But he was an only child, and his father was not as stern as most men were to their children.

He was taught, however, that a lie is a terrible thing. He must think very carefully before he spoke, lest he might not tell the exact truth. A boy whom he knew was punished only the other day for a falsehood. His tongue was pricked with sharp thorns. How it bled! It was so sore he could scarcely speak for days afterward.

"Poor boy," thought Tizoc, "I am sorry for him, but then, he should not have done such a dreadful thing."

Not long after this, Tizoc heard of another boy who

did not obey his mother promptly. He was soundly whipped with nettles, and, as though that were not enough, he was pinched in many of the tender parts of his body. I don't believe he ever disobeyed again in his whole life.

This boy was one of Tizoc's schoolmates. They were in the same class in history, music and painting. They had to learn songs and stories about their country, and they were taught to honor the strange and fearful gods of their people.

They learned to read in the queer books written in pictures, for these told them how to worship the gods. The books also gave the history of the Aztecs from the time they came to Mexico, and the lives of the great men.

Each picture was generally a sign of some special word. The picture of a tongue meant that someone was speaking, and so on. I am afraid that we should not understand the stories very well, unless we had Tizoc to help us.

These books were not made like ours. Sometimes the leaves were made of skin, sometimes of paper, which was of two kinds. One sort was made from the soft inner bark of a certain tree. The leaf fibers of the agave, which we call the century plant, were soaked in water and beaten to a pulp for making the other kind.

Both the skin and the paper used in the books were made into long strips, folded back and forth like screens. Pieces of thin board were bound to the two ends, making the covers.

Tizoc and his young friends were brought up strictly, as we have seen. They must study faithfully, and their teachers were very stern. They must go often to the temples to worship the gods and make offerings to the ugly idols. They must keep busy. They must learn, as quickly as possible, to do the same kind of work as their parents did. Yet they had many games and sports, and many pleasures to make their lives happy.

There were some dances which they could watch, and others in which they themselves took part. There were theaters where they were sometimes taken to see the plays. There were shows given by acrobats who had great skill. After the boys watched them, they would go home and try to copy what they had seen, just as our boys do to-day. Tizoc learned to balance a pole on his shoulder while a playmate climbed to the top and stood there. Then the boys would change about and Tizoc was the one who had to climb the pole and balance himself there, high up in the air.

They had foot races, and there were sham battles by the soldiers. Before long, Tizoc would be trained as a soldier, for all the boys must learn how to defend their

country. He himself would soon be old enough to take part in one of these sham battles.

There were different games of ball. Not only the boys but also the men liked this sport. Even the king sometimes passed away the time by throwing small golden balls at a plate of gold used as a target.

At the time Tizoc was about a year old, his parents were in a state of great excitement. So was everyone in the city. So was everyone in the whole empire. They feared the world was coming to an end!

These people, among their other strange beliefs, thought that at the end of every fifty-two years there was danger of the whole earth being destroyed. But there was always a hope that the gods would save them and prevent this terrible thing from happening.

Little work was done during the last few days before the dreaded moment. What use would it be to make new clothes, or build new houses, or store away much food, if they were all to be destroyed so soon? Every one wore a long face. No one felt like smiling or joking. The time was too serious.

The last day came, and night fell upon the city. All the fires were put out. Many of the people gathered on the house tops or in the towers of the temples, while the priests, followed by crowds, marched to the top of a certain mountain beyond the city.

Should they ever see the sun rise again? Every one looked anxiously toward the mountain tops. If new fires should spring up there at the midnight hour, the world would be saved for another fifty-two years.

As soon as the sun set, Tizoc's mother was careful to cover her baby's face with a mask. She would not let him go to sleep, for she was afraid he might be changed into a mouse.

What did the priests do when they reached the mountain top? One of them had been chosen to kindle the new fire. He brought with him two sticks of dry wood, such as were used by the Aztecs in making a fire. He watched the stars. When they showed him, by their place in the heavens, that it was midnight, the priest went to the side of the person who had been chosen as a sacrifice. Although this man was of a noble family, he must lose his life.

The priest tore out the heart of the victim and put one of the two fire-sticks in its place. He fastened the second stick into a hole in the first one and whirled it round and round very rapidly. The Aztecs always used such sticks in kindling a fire, and the wood for this purpose was very, very dry.

You will not wonder then that the whirling of the stick caused a fine dust of the wood to gather in the hole and that a tiny spark soon appeared. And now there

was another, and still another, till there was a blaze of light.

The news spread among the excited, anxious people, for they thought they had received a sign from heaven. No! the world would not come to an end at this time, nor for fifty-two years more. Their lives were spared.

Fires could now be seen in every direction. Torches were kindled from the light of the priest and passed among the eager crowd, who returned to the city with shouts and songs. The people who had remained at home were watching for the glad sign. There was a cry of joy as soon as it appeared, and all hastened to receive a spark of the sacred fire from the torches of those who were returning.

Once more their hearths were blazing with logs. Immense bonfires were kindled on the hilltops. The whole country now gave itself up to feasts and dances and good times of all kinds.

These things, besides many others quite as strange, happened during the life of our little Tizoc. But time passed by, and people of the white race drew near the shores of Mexico.

The messenger who brought the news to the great city on the highland said, "These beings are bearded and have white faces unlike our own. They have come here in floating palaces. They have power over the

thunder, and can make themselves twice as tall by riding on immense animals different from any we have seen. They must be gods and not men."

What did the messenger mean by the power of the white men to use the thunder as they wished? You can easily guess. It was the firearms used by the Spaniards that filled the red men with wonder and astonishment.

The floating palaces were, of course, the ships with their great white sails; the animals of monstrous size were the horses the Spaniards had brought with them. The Aztecs had never seen nor heard of such creatures before.

It happened that there was a legend among these Indians about the coming of the gods. It promised that at some future time these wondrous beings would come from the east and appear in their midst. The red men believed the time had come, for there were strange signs among the stars, which they could not understand.

They hastened to receive the Spaniards with open arms. They showed them their gardens, their temples and their palaces. They spread feasts before them and loaded them with precious gifts. Gold and silver, pearls and emeralds, were given freely.

And then what happened? The splendid buildings of the great city were torn down by the white men. The

precious books, which gave the history of the people, were destroyed. They themselves were killed or taken prisoners, for they were helpless before the mighty weapons of those who proved to be cruel enemies, instead of merciful and protecting gods.

The great empire and power of the Aztecs were at an end.

Lorenzo, the Little Pueblo

FOREWORD

THE word Pueblo means town or village. The Spaniards gave this name to those Indians whom they found in northern Mexico and the southwestern part of the United States. It was because they were living in settled towns.

The Pueblos are unlike other Indians in many things. First of all, they live in towns, as I have just said. Their houses are sometimes of stones put together with cement, but usually they are made of sun-dried bricks, called adobe. Some of the houses are five or six stories high.

When the Spaniards first came among them, they found the Pueblos living very much as we see them to-day. They had farms and gardens watered by ditches and canals. They made pottery. They spun and wove cotton blankets. They slept in beds. They wore clothing. They ornamented themselves with emeralds and other jewels, but liked turquoises best of all. They were whiter than any other Indians the Spaniards had seen. They had many curious customs.

One of these customs was the scattering of the sacred meal. It was made by mixing corn meal with pounded seashells. The Pueblos scattered it with every act of their religion. They had prayer-sticks. They set them up in all sorts of places,—by the side of springs, in the cornfields, or elsewhere. By doing this they hoped to win the good-will of certain spirits.

The Pueblo Indians of to-day have orchards of peaches and apricots. They raise flocks of sheep and goats. They make gardens in which they plant corn, melons, squashes and other vegetables, and also wheat.

If you should ever go among the Pueblos you would probably like best to visit the tribe called the Zuñis. They show a great deal of knowledge and are very interesting. Their home is in the very spot where the principal city of the Pueblos was standing when the Spaniards first came among them.

Lorenzo, the Little Pueblo

“**W**AKE, my child, the sun is rising and the voices of the wise men can be heard. They are calling us to hail the great light.”

Lorenzo jumped up from his rough bed, rubbed his eyes, and hurried to the ladder which reached to the opening overhead. Up the ladder he went behind his mother, and was soon standing quietly on the platform made by the flat roof of his house. Others of his people were also gathered there to take part in the morning service.

It was such a strange custom, this praying to the sun. It had been handed down from the times of long ago. Lorenzo would have feared that everything would go wrong during the day, if he had failed to greet the sun.

It seems to us a queer custom, but the boy's people were queer, and their homes were queer, and nearly everything about them would seem queer and strange—to us.

Lorenzo was an Indian lad, but he did not live in a tent, nor wander around from place to place in search

of new homes. He was much smaller than his Sioux cousin and his skin was not so dark. Neither he nor his parents dressed in furs; their clothing was spun from the cotton the father raised and from the wool cut from Lorenzo's loved sheep.

He was not taught to love fighting beyond everything else, and the warwhoop was seldom heard in his neighborhood.

His home was different from that of any other people in the world. It was made of stone and mud, and joined to many others built in the same way. All together they made one great house that looked like an immense beehive. The windows were tiny little things, more like loopholes than anything else, the light coming through small panes of mica.

But the oddest thing about the houses was that ladders were used for entering them. You remember that Lorenzo went up a ladder to get to the roof of his house. This roof made a kind of platform in front of another house. There were other roofs above and below him that were also used in the same manner.

Ladders stood against the sides of the walls here and there, and when the morning service was over, the children scampered up and down in a game of chase or hide-and-seek.

You can see now that the houses on the ground floor

made a sort of step to those above them; and these, again, were built so their flat roofs made another step to those higher yet. There were no stairs, either inside or outside of the great building.

High up, above all the rest, was the tower, from which the people were called every morning.

It was long ago that the white people first appeared among these Pueblos. They were Spaniards who had come in search of gold. They brought their priests among the Indians to teach them about the white man's God, but the Pueblos clung to their old ways and many of their old beliefs.

Why were their houses built one above another? Why did they enter them by means of ladders? Why were the windows so small that the rooms within were always dark?

It was because all these things made the people safer from the attacks of an enemy. Their homes could be turned into forts at a moment's notice and all the families could be easily protected.

After a frolic with the other boys on the house tops, Lorenzo went to his own house where his mother was getting breakfast.

"Goo, goo, goo!" said a small voice overhead. Lorenzo looked up and smiled at his baby sister as she hung in her netted cradle from the rafters. He gave the cradle

two or three swings, which seemed to please the baby greatly, for she gave a soft and happy little laugh.

"Goo, goo, goo!" she called again. She was trying to say, "Please give me another swing, big brother."

But by this time Lorenzo was eating his breakfast of pancakes, as we should probably call them. His mother had made them of flour and water and baked them on the flat stone hanging over the wood coals in the fireplace.

The room was big and dark. It was used for cooking, eating and sleeping. It was no wonder the people did much of their work on the house tops. It was far pleasanter out in the sunshine and clear air, and the hot summer days had not come yet.

As Lorenzo ate his cakes, he looked around the walls of the room, at the bows and arrows hanging there, and at the drums his father held sacred. Lorenzo had made some of the bows himself, and in the autumn he would carry one of them when he went shooting elk and deer with the hunters.

The clothing of the family was spread out on a long pole hanging from the ceiling by loops of rope. There was also a fine blanket the boy's father had bought of the Navajo Indians, who weave them in such beautiful patterns.

A long time ago, Lorenzo's people had made their own blankets. In fact, they had taught the Navajos,

who now did better work than they did themselves, and sold the blankets for large prices, not only to the other Indian tribes, but also to the white traders.

Strings of beads and shells were hanging on pegs fastened into the walls. Lorenzo's people were very fond of ornaments. His mother had arranged her hair carefully, although it was still early in the morning. It was in two great puffs, one on each side of her head. Earrings of beautiful turquoise were fastened in her ears.

When he had finished his breakfast of dried meat and pancakes, the boy's father said, "I have much to do in the fields to-day. It is time to plant the corn. Lorenzo, it is your turn to look after the burros. You and Leon must take them from the corral and drive them to pasture. Mind them well and do not let them go astray."

The animals were always the care of the boys. Two or three of the boys would go together and drive them out of the corrals in the morning and lead them to pasture for the day. Then at night they would all come back to the village. There was a grand frolic with the donkeys when home was reached.

Dear patient little beasts! They never seemed to lose their temper, no matter how much the boys jumped upon them, or turned somersaults over their backs.

The children loved them dearly, and it was no hardship for Lorenzo to go out with them for the whole day.

At night, the horses, burros (or donkeys), the sheep and the goats were kept in the corrals within the village. Lorenzo had helped his father get the poles for a new corral in the spring. They were set into the ground so near together that the animals could not make their way out between them. In the closed yard thus made, they stayed in safety during the night, with the calm stars to shine down upon them and give them light. There were few storms in the summer time, and they slept in peace.

"I wish you would tell the story of the great rains," Lorenzo said to Leon, as they stretched themselves out on the grass after reaching the pasture land. It was a lonely spot where the boys were camped. Beyond them were the high mountains, and far below was a deep, narrow valley. Its rocky sides looked dangerous for anyone who should come too near and make a misstep.

There was no sound of human voices, except those of the two boys. There was not a sign of any house since they had left the village behind them and started on the narrow, rocky road.

"If I repeat this story, you must tell another, Lorenzo. That is but right."

"Very well, then. I love the legends of our country, and I like to hear and to tell them, again and again."

"Far away in the great past," the story-teller began, "there was a terrible rain. Day after day the waters fell, while the sky remained black and covered with dark clouds.

"The people at last became frightened, and wondered if their village would be destroyed. It was built high up on a plateau, yet the valleys below were filling up, and the waters were rising higher, higher, every hour.

"What should be done? Every moment the danger was growing greater. At last the priests said:

"'Let us make a sacrifice to the spirit of the water. Choose a youth and a maiden for this sacrifice. Lower them over the side of the cliff and the angry spirit may be satisfied.'

"The sacrifice was made. As soon as the youth and maiden touched the water, the rain stopped falling and the flood sank away.

"But what became of the poor youth and maiden? They were turned to stone! To this day, you can see their images if you go to the home of the Zuñis. You can also see the mark on the side of the cliff showing how far the waters had risen when the sacrifice was made."

"This is a wonderful country," said Lorenzo, "and many of the rocks have strange shapes. No doubt that really happened. But I have thought of a story. I will tell of that great teacher who came among our people so long ago that no one knows the time. It must have been near the beginning of things for our tribe.

"This teacher was poorly dressed, and many scorned him at first. But he said such wise things they began to listen. After a while, his power was understood by all and he ruled over our land.

"He taught our people to weave and make pottery; he showed us how to plough and till the soil, so we might raise corn for our food and cotton for our clothing. He showed us how to worship, and founded the secret society you and I may enter when we are older. You know our fathers belong to it now.

"When this great and wise ruler had shown us how to live, he suddenly disappeared. No one saw him go, nor did they know where he went. But, of course, since his work was done, he must have returned to that home which we cannot see as long as we live."

"We sometimes call it 'The City Hidden in the Mist,' you know, Lorenzo. It is a beautiful name."

The two boys were quiet for several minutes, as they lay thinking of the old times of their people. They

still clung to the stories their grandparents had loved so dearly. They had Spanish names, given them at baptism by the Catholic priests when they were babies. They were taught every Sunday by these same priests. Yet they still held with their parents to many of the old ways and beliefs of the time before the white strangers had come among them.

What was Lorenzo's mother doing while the boy and his father were away at their work?

In the first place, water must be brought. Leaving her baby swinging in its cradle, she took a jug from the chimney corner. Placing it in a big net, she slung it over her shoulder and climbed down from her high room to the ground below.

The spring was not far away. The jug was soon filled, and the woman hurried home again. It was easy enough to bring it in the net. But if she needed to do so, she could climb the ladders with the jug resting safely on her head and not even touched by her hands.

She learned to carry it in this way when she was a little girl, and she could not remember dropping a jug or breaking one in her whole life.

"I will surprise my husband when he comes home," she said to herself. "He shall see a fine, smooth floor without a crack."

She was soon busy mixing a reddish earth with water.

When it was of the right thickness, she knelt down on the clay floor. It was rough and cracked in several places. Taking some of the soft mixture, she spread it out over the floor with her hand. As she did so, she kept squirting water from her mouth.

Did you ever go into a Chinese laundry? And did you ever see the Chinaman sprinkle the clothes? If you had seen Lorenzo's mother at her work, you would certainly have thought of the Chinaman.

"There, that is much better," she said to herself, as she finished her work and looked proudly about. Did the baby guess what she was thinking? At any rate, it answered, "Goo, goo, goo."

"I will take you now, little one. You shall go with me to the mill, and watch the corn turn into fine meal." The Indian mother took down the cradle and lifting out the happy baby fastened it upon her back with straps.

"Off we go now, to see the glad sunshine and feel the fresh air," she cried. Mother and baby were soon at the door of the mill, not far from the big house.

Two other women were just coming, for they also needed meal. But they had no loads on their backs. One of them was the mother of a baby about the size of Lorenzo's sister, but her oldest child was a girl of

nine years. It was the work of this girl to carry her little brother around at her play.

He was strapped tightly on his sister's back this morning. He did not seem to mind the jostling as his young nurse ran up and down the ladders after her playmates.

The women entered the mill. What a queer-looking place it was! Do not imagine there were any big wheels or machines in it. There was nothing to see except three or four grindstones, which were simply big, flat stones set into the ground so that they slanted. Some rubbing-stones were beside them.

Lorenzo's mother was the first to begin work. Kneeling down before the first grindstone, she took a handful of corn and rubbed it over the flat surface with a rubbing stone. Her body moved up and down as she worked, just as though she were rubbing clothes. As the coarse meal rolled down, it was taken by the second woman, who ground it still finer. Then she passed it on to the third worker. By the time she finished, the meal was fine enough to make the delicious paper-bread Lorenzo and his people liked so well.

As the women worked, they sang a slow, strange song, keeping time to the movement of their bodies, up and down, up and down.

Lorenzo's baby sister soon fell asleep. She did not

wake till a big pile of the yellow meal stood ready for use and the women sat chatting in the doorway.

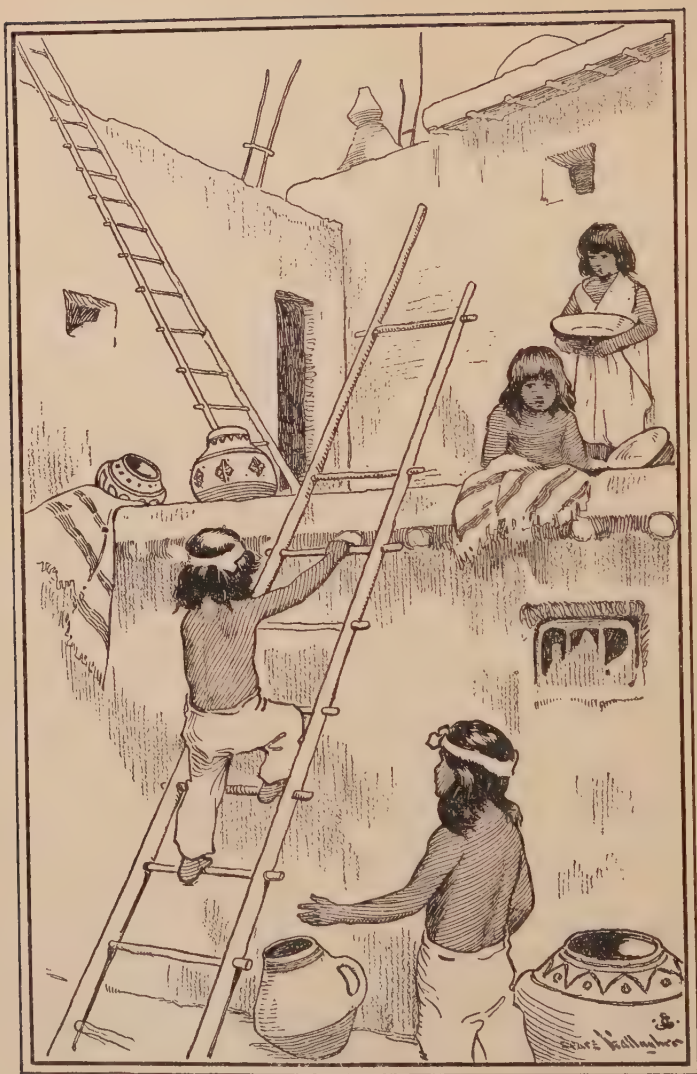
Now for home once more, and an hour on the house top before the cakes must be baked. The Indian mother enjoyed her rest, for she was tired. She often sat here and spun the wool cut from her sheep. But to-day she chatted with her neighbors and talked of the dance that would take place to-morrow. She let her hands remain idle, for they had done enough work that morning.

When Lorenzo and his father came home at night, they found a fine supper ready for them. The good mother had taken great pains in making the paper-bread which stood in a big pile ready for them to eat.

"Paper-bread" is a queer name, but what else could one call it? The sheets were almost as thin and crisp as paper. They were made of the corn meal ground that morning in the mill. It was made into a thin batter and spread by the cook's own hand on the heated slab of stone in the fireplace. When one side was done, it was deftly turned over and made into a little roll.

"How do you do it, mother?" Lorenzo had sometimes asked, as he watched her make the bread. "I'm sure I could not do it if I tried."

He never did try, for that was woman's work. But the boy did many other things to help his mother. He shaped the wet clay into bowls and jars, and ornamented



A LITTLE PUEBLO

the dishes with many different patterns. He knew how to bake them in the big ovens, so they could be used for a long time without breaking.

He sewed moccasins almost as well as his father did. Yes, Lorenzo had been trained to do many useful things, as well as to run in the foot races, and dance, and beat drums.

He was awake bright and early the next morning, for the Planting Dance would begin as soon as breakfast was over.

Hark! The governor was abroad, calling to the people to make ready for the dance. There was a stir and bustle everywhere about the place, for those who were to take part must dress themselves with care.

The procession began to form in the square. Lorenzo's father and mother were among the dancers, and the boy watched eagerly as they moved along.

First came two men, then behind them, two women, and the whole procession was arranged in this way. They were decked in a wonderful manner. The men wore short embroidered skirts over white knee-breeches. Sashes were wound around their waists. The skins of red foxes, fastened to these sashes, hung down behind. Strips of skunk skin were sewed to the heels of the white moccasins.

But the paint! It was spread so beautifully, Lorenzo

thought. The hands were covered with it, while it was put on the arms and bare shoulders in rows of spots reaching down the back.

"It is like the markings of a deer," thought the Indian boy.

Each of the men carried rattles made from dried gourds, and bells, fastened to his legs, tinkled gaily with every motion.

The women must not be forgotten. They shuffled along, holding their heads quite proudly, with the feathers of wild turkeys waving from their wooden head-dresses.

Their gowns were made of a black woolen stuff, gathered over one shoulder and fastened under the other. Their waists were bound with bright-colored belts.

A band of chanters followed the dancers. Altogether it was as good as one of our Fourth of July processions.

When all had marched to their places, the dance began in earnest to the sound of drum and flute. The men lifted their feet high in the air; the women moved their bodies from side to side and held out their hands as if in prayer. Lorenzo enjoyed every moment.

But this strange dance was not given merely to entertain the people. It was a prayer to the Great Father that the crops might be plentiful and that stores of corn and vegetables might be gathered for the winter time.

Dances were often given in the council house, which stood apart from the other buildings in Lorenzo's village. It was round in shape and made of stone covered with the sun-dried mud. The Spaniards called this mud "adobe."

The council house was entered in the same way as the other buildings were. A ladder stood on the outside. When a person had climbed to the top, he went down through an opening in the roof, by means of another ladder.

"In olden times, the men always slept in the council hall," Lorenzo's father told him. "The women and children spent the night in the big house. In those days, there were no doors on the lower floors, nor any windows. There were only small loopholes through which we could spy the enemy, and shoot if we had need."

"Why won't you let me play with those little dolls?" the boy had asked his grandmother when he was a tiny little fellow.

The images to which he pointed were carved out of soft stone. One of them was in the shape of a bear, another of a swan, and still another of a dog.

"They are too sacred, my child," was all she would answer, as she put them away. She had not quite given up the old beliefs held by her people before the

coming of the white race. These odd little images had a meaning which Lorenzo could not understand.

"The Navajos are coming! The Navajos are coming!" shouted the boy one bright morning.

Away in the distance he had spied a file of horsemen moving along a mountain path. Yes, he could see the shapes of the men quite plainly, as well as the broad hats which the Navajos always wore.

They were a wild, rough people. Once upon a time they had been fierce enemies of the Pueblos. The sight of them filled the people with terror. But nowadays they were quite friendly, and often came to trade with Lorenzo's people.

They brought strong, noble-looking horses, and the beautiful blankets, woven so fine and close that rain could scarcely make its way through them.

Lorenzo was glad they were coming. He liked to listen while the men made the trades. He loved the story-telling they would have at night if the Navajos stayed for a little visit. But to-day he was more than usually excited, for he had just helped his father finish making a chain of lovely shell beads.

"They will bring a good price," the boy's father had told him.

"Years ago, my son,—it was before you were born,—I took a long journey. I went to the shores of that

great water that lies to the west of us. There were five of us young men in the party.

"We gathered a load of the beautiful abalone shells. The way home did not seem long, for we were proud and glad of our rich burden. I still have some of my share. This chain, which you have helped me make, is formed of some of those shells."

"They are very beautiful," answered Lorenzo, as he held the chain in the sunlight. "Just look, father. You can see all the colors of the rainbow in their pearly surface."

Besides the chain of shells, Lorenzo's father had a ring set with turquoises. The stones had been found in the mines not far away, and he had cut and polished them with great care.

What should he buy with these precious things? A present for his faithful wife, and another for the boy whom he loved so dearly.

A fine gown of soft black wool would please his wife best. As for Lorenzo, there was nothing the boy longed for so much as one of the Navajos' fine horses.

When night came, the silvery moon looked down upon a very happy family, while a certain Navajo trader said to himself, "I have been well paid to-day. The cutting and polishing of these ornaments have been finely done."

That night, as Lorenzo was sitting on the roof-platform, he told his mother a legend he heard from the trader who bought the beads.

"In the beginning of things," he said, "there was no light in the world. How should it be made? Some of it was made to spring forth from a white shell. But that would not be enough, so a stronger light was called forth from the blue turquoise. Eight plumes were then placed on the shell and the turquoise, and a crystal was held over them. The plumes burst into a bright blaze.

"Twelve beings appeared at each of the four great points of the heavens, which were formed out of two rainbows crossing each other. But the heavens were too near the earth, and the sun shone so brightly that everything on the earth was scorched. The sun must be lifted higher. The people on the earth tried to do this great work, but the sun tipped and they failed.

"Then they called to the great beings at the four points of the heavens:

"'Help us in this hard task,' they cried.

"The great beings blew a strong blast, and the sun was made to rise into the place where we now see it. Then they went back into their places at the four points, north, south, east and west. They have remained there ever since, holding the heavens in their place."

"It is a good story," said Lorenzo's mother, when

he finished. "When we think of it, we do not wonder why we love the beautiful shells and the blue stones of the turquoise so dearly. But see! the old moon is high in the heavens, and you must seek your bed, to get health and strength for the morrow."

In half an hour Lorenzo was stretched on his bed, fast asleep. What was it he saw in his dreams that made him smile so sweetly? Perhaps it was his horse, bought to-day from the trader. Or he might have been dreaming of another little red boy like himself, who lived so long ago in this strange land that little is left to show how he played and worked.

Not many miles from Lorenzo's home there is a deep cañon. The rocks reach up on each side of the narrow valley, sharp and straight toward the sky. On the side of one of these high cliffs, Lorenzo has seen the ruins of a building stranger even than his own. It must have been very large, for the piles of stone are still left to show there were more rooms in it than Lorenzo could count twice over on the fingers of his two hands.

There were no windows in this strange house,—only loopholes through which those inside could look out and watch. Many of the doorways were queer in shape. They were formed like the letter T. What could have been the reason for building them in this way? When the men and women who lived here came up the ladders,

bringing loads of cornstalks, or jars of water upon their heads, there was space enough to go through such doors without lifting off their loads.

There must have been towers on these cliff dwellings, from which the inhabitants could look far out over the country. And there were rounded halls in the center of the buildings, where the priests held strange services and where dances were given.

These people of the olden time had gardens in the valley below. They planted corn, and beans, and squash, as Lorenzo's father does to-day. They hunted wild animals, and had dogs and turkeys of their own.

They wove garments of cloth, and made finer and more beautiful pottery than Lorenzo's people do now.

Why did they build their homes in such strange places? Why did the little Indian lad of the long ago look out upon the world from the side of a rocky cliff? Lorenzo will tell you.

"It is because he had to be kept safe from the attacks of cruel warriors. His people were my people. Once they lived in houses like mine, but they had no peace because of fierce enemies. So they went to the sides of the high cliffs and built their homes into the rocks. In times of danger, they even filled the doorways with blocks of stone. Now their children could live in safety and be happy."

If there are no books left by these people, how can Lorenzo tell so much about them?

He has seen some of the tools and dishes found in the ruins of their homes. He has looked at the pictures cut on the face of the rocks near by.

These pictures tell many stories to the red boy. When he looks at them, he can see the people of the long ago hunting the wild goat and the elk, or defending their children from the enemy. He can watch them catching the wild turkey, or driving animals into the corral for safe-keeping. He can imagine the games of the children and the dances of the elders.

Their life, as well as his, belongs in the story of this great country, but he, and we, can only guess and dream concerning it.

Pocahontas, the Little Powhatan

FOREWORD

POCAHONTAS, the daughter of Powhatan, lived in Virginia. Her father was a great chief, for he was at the head of thirty tribes of red men. His people were the first Indians with whom the English became well acquainted.

After his party settled themselves at Jamestown, Captain John Smith began to explore the country around him. He found most of the Indians living in villages and raising corn and other vegetables in their gardens. He learned that the chief, Powhatan, had two homes. One of these was where the city of Richmond now stands. The other was on the York River.

Powhatan was a wily old chief. For many years he did not feel kindly to the English. He was anxious to have them leave America. He did all in his power to force them to do this.

But after his favorite daughter, Pocahontas, married the Englishman John Rolfe, he became the friend of the white people and remained so for the rest of his life.

Pocahontas, the Little Powhatan

DO you like true stories? This one is about a little girl who was born in a wigwam on the shores of a beautiful river in "Old Virginia." It was before her people met the "palefaces" and trouble began.

The little girl's name was Metoax. She had bright, black eyes and a red skin. She wore little clothing, for she had no need of it, except in the short winter season. An apron of deerskin was quite enough for her mother during the long, hot summer. So we may believe the little daughter did not need any more covering herself.

She was the child of a powerful chief who ruled over thirty tribes. Her people were called the Powhatans. Her great father was also called Powhatan by the white people who visited him, although he had three or four names and that was not one of them.

This chief was a stern old warrior with many sons and daughters, but little Metoax was his favorite among them all. Perhaps you are thinking, "I have heard of Powhatan, but the name Metoax is not known to me."

But if you are told that Metoax and Pocahontas were the same little girl, no doubt you will say:

"O yes, I know her very well. She was the one who saved the life of the brave Captain John Smith."

You are quite right, but you may not have heard that Pocahontas was not her real name. After the white men came among them, the Indians said of her:

"This is Powhatan's daughter, Pocahontas."

They feared to say "Metoax." If these strange and wonderful white people should know it, they might be able to do her harm by some charm, or other magic. That is what the Indians believed. But if the white people were ignorant of her true name, they thought this would be impossible.

Now we will go back to our story and, if you would like, we will speak of the little girl as Pocahontas after this. For so the white men came to think of her and know her, and so she has been called by us ever since.

Pocahontas was kind and gentle in her nature, although she knew much of savage cruelty and warfare. It was a common sight for her to see a row of scalps hanging in front of her home, and her stern old father sitting by, looking proudly at them. They showed the number of enemies he had killed. The larger that number was, the greater chief it made him, of course.

Every night his hut was guarded by sentinels who

must be ready to give the alarm if enemies should draw near. Every half-hour one of these guards must sound the warwhoop, and the others must answer. If he failed to do this, or was caught napping, he was given up to the camp police and was punished severely.

Do any of you wonder how the Powhatans gave the warwhoop, the sound of which made the white man shiver? They placed a finger between the lips and gave a loud and awful call, shaking the lips as much as possible. Many white boys have since tried to copy the sound in their play.

All Indians do not make the warwhoop in the same way, but it is terrible enough, however it is made.

It is hard to understand how Pocahontas could sleep with such sounds about her all night long. But since she had heard them from the time she was born, it is probable they did not disturb her.

Tomahawks, which seem such fearful weapons to us, were a common sight to her. They were used in giving a cruel and horrible death, not only to men, but also to women and children.

Pocahontas had two homes, for her father liked sometimes to be in one part of the country, sometimes in another.

Besides these homes, Powhatan had a place in the deep forest fitted up as a hunting lodge or camp, for he

liked to shoot the wild deer and turkey. Still farther on in the forest was the chief's treasure house, which held a great store of furs, beads, and pearls.

Many villages under the power of this great savage kept a special house where royal feasts were spread whenever Powhatan made them a visit. There he was entertained by his subjects in the grandest manner possible to them.

It seems as though all these things would have made Pocahontas proud. But no, she was a dear, loving, tender-hearted, little maiden, ready to do kindness whenever there was a chance.

She took her daily baths in the river, summer and winter, for all the children of the tribe were brought up to follow this custom. Even when the water was covered with ice, down went the mothers to the shore with their babies, and in went the struggling children. Do you wonder whether they liked it? They *had* to like it, and that was all there was about it. But it was over in a few minutes, and they were soon back again in the little huts on the shore, stronger and happier for the plunge in the river.

You must not think that all these huts were exactly alike. They were made of saplings bound together. But some were covered with bark, others with mats or reeds. They were neatly made, and a few were really handsome.

It was not so pretty inside the wigwams, and certainly not so pleasant, for the smoke from the fire darkened the walls and made the air heavy.

Pocahontas had many good things to eat, which made her grow strong and healthy. There was bread from the seeds of sunflowers or wild oats; there were cakes of corn meal and hominy; there was always a supply of delicious venison to be broiled or roasted; there were wild ducks and geese and turkeys.

The turkeys were noble birds. If you only looked at them, you would be ready to exclaim, "O, for a Thanksgiving dinner this very day!" no matter if it happened to be the Fourth of July or Washington's Birthday.

Besides all these dainties, there were some very queer dishes of which the Powhatan people were extremely fond. Pocahontas probably liked them, too. Snakes and locusts were cooked and eaten. You have, perhaps, shivered at the idea of the Chinese eating rats. It cannot seem any worse than the Indians eating snakes.

They not only ate them, but wore living snakes as ornaments. It was a common sight to Pocahontas to see a man with a small snake hanging from an ear and crawling around his neck. He thought it a beautiful ornament and that it looked fine against his red skin.

These Indians were especially fond of earrings. Many

of them had three large holes bored in each ear, from which chains of beads hung down. They liked pearls very much, and they often wore chains of them long enough to hang from the ears to the waist.

But snakes and chains were not enough in the way of ornament. The faces and shoulders were painted a bright red, and the women tattooed themselves with pictures of snakes and wild animals.

There was need of little clothing, as I have said. But Powhatan and his family and the other chief people of his tribe had mantles of turkeys' feathers or of skins trimmed with beads. The feathers were woven together with thread and the mantles made of them were very pretty, but they were worn only in winter.

The villages where Pocahontas lived were protected with high walls of stakes, so that wild animals or other enemies might not take the people by surprise.

Each village had its temple and in this temple was a hideous idol, worshiped by the people. They called it "Okee." It was made of skin and stuffed with moss. It was daubed with paint and ornamented with beads. How could Pocahontas honor such a ridiculous object? But she was taught from her babyhood that it was a sacred thing. The time came, however, when she became wiser and understood that the worship of idols is foolish and bad. But that was years after the coming of the white men.

When the news was brought from village to village that strange people had come to make their home among them, the Indians were not pleased. They were ready to fight. They did not wish to share their home with strangers who were armed with such terrible, thunder-making weapons. They said, "Let them go away and leave us in peace."

No doubt you have heard the story of the first white settlement on an island along the shore, and of the birth there of a white baby, the grandchild of the governor. She was called Virginia, as her people also named the country, in honor of Elizabeth, the virgin queen of England. This must have been about the time of Pocahontas' own birth.

Provisions became scarce and Governor Dare went back to England to get fresh supplies. He stayed longer than he intended, for his country was engaged in war.

When he came back, nothing was left of the little settlement, neither houses nor people. Only this met his eye—the word "Croatan," cut into the trunk of a tree. Was this a message to Governor Dare, telling him that his friends were to be found in a place of that name? He never knew. After searching a while, he went back to England, sad and disappointed.

There is a story that these unfortunate people lived among the Indians for many years, and at last were

put to death by Powhatan, but no one knows whether it is really true or not.

After this sad end to the first settlement, the English did not lose courage. Another party of brave men were found, who were ready to try a life in the wilderness among savages. They were in hopes of finding gold and precious stones, and of discovering a short way to India; for even then the white people did not dream of the greatness of North America.

It happened that a very daring man named John Smith joined this party of Englishmen. He was fond of adventure and feared no danger. He had only just returned from fighting against the Turks. He had been imprisoned in Turkey and had saved himself in the most daring manner. His life had been full of narrow escapes.

John Smith was sensible and clever, and was the very one to help such a party as was just leaving England for the shores of Virginia.

They did not settle on an island, as Governor Dare and his people had. They landed at the mouth of the Powhatan, which they renamed the James River, and called their town Jamestown in honor of their king, for Queen Elizabeth was now dead.

Captain Smith advised the settlers to build a strong fort at once. He said they should also put a wall of

stakes about the place, for he saw that the red men did not feel friendly towards them. But the white men did not follow his advice, and while he was away exploring the country, they were suddenly attacked.

The Indians would have had an easy victory, and the settlement would have been destroyed, if it had not been for one thing. The ship in which the Englishmen had come had not yet gone back to England. It lay at anchor in the harbor and was close to the shore.

The men who were on board fired a crossbar which struck the branches of a tree. Some of the Indians were directly under it. Down came a bough so suddenly they were filled with fright, and ran away as fast as their quick feet could carry them.

The white men on the shore had been saved from a fearful death, for they had been taken completely by surprise. They were now ready to follow Captain Smith's advice and protect their home in the best way possible.

It was not long after this that Captain Smith again left the little settlement and started out to explore a certain river flowing from the northwest.

Many of the white men thought the end of this river would bring them to the farther shore of North America. They believed Asia could not be far away. They felt

sure they would find the stores of gold and precious stones they were so eager to possess.

Away went Smith with a small band of brave men. They sailed on, up the river and farther into the unknown country. After a while, their food became scarce. Smith said:

"I will land here on the shore and search for game."

He took his gun, and an Indian guide, with whom he had become friends, went with him. Alas! it was not long before John Smith was overtaken and surrounded by a band of the red men. He defended himself bravely. More quickly than you would think possible, he bound his Indian guide to his arm and, using him as a shield, shot right and left.

The red men were frightened by the power of his terrible weapon. They began to move off, although Smith had already been wounded by one of their arrows. His clothing was full of them, besides.

But now a sad thing happened. As his enemies moved away, Smith tried to escape to a safe distance. All might have gone well if he had not landed in a swamp. He sank down deeper and deeper in the mud till he could not take another step. It was a cold winter's day. It was not long before the brave man was so chilled that he knew he could not help himself any longer. There were the Indians on every side, watching him.

He threw down his firearms and gave himself up as a prisoner. What would his enemies do with him? He felt there was small hope of his life's being spared. But he would not despair.

He pulled a small compass out of his pocket and handed it to the chief. The savage had never seen such a wonderful thing before, and was greatly astonished when his prisoner showed him how to tell any direction by using this curious instrument.

The rest of the Indians now made ready to kill Smith. They bound him to a tree and aimed their arrows at him. But at the moment they were about to shoot, the chief held up his compass and ordered them to stop. They obeyed him at once. Putting the prisoner into their midst, they marched homeward. Smith had no chance to escape, for he was held fast by three strong warriors. Others marched along with arrows aimed at him. When they neared an Indian village, everyone came out to see this strange being,—a white man!

And now the people dressed themselves in their best paint and feathers and prepared for a dance about their prisoner. What a hideous sight they made as they went round and round! What howling, and screeching, and singing, filled the air with wild sounds! It makes one shiver even to think of it.

At last, poor Captain Smith was led away and placed

under a strong guard. But he did not have to pass the night without food. A great feast was spread before him. There was enough venison and corn bread to feed a whole party of hungry men.

The prisoner said to himself, "They mean to fatten me before they kill me."

The thought took away all wish for food as well as sleep. But this was not what the red men had in mind. It was their custom to give plenty of food to all who came among them, whether they were friends or enemies.

Smith was kept in this place for a number of days. Many queer dances were given and many strange things were done during this time. Among other things, a bag of gunpowder was brought him.

"What is the nature of this strange seed?" they asked him. They had taken it from the people of Jamestown some time before, but they did not know what it was. They believed it was something to be planted and would grow. You may be sure Captain Smith did not tell them what it was.

After many plans had been thought of, his keepers decided to take him to the great chief of all, Powhatan. When they reached the village where the great chief was living, he would not see Smith at once. He must have thought, "I have heard much of this strong white

chief. I will fill him with wonder. He shall see the great state in which I live."

He dressed himself in his finest style. He hung strings of pearls about his neck and placed a robe of raccoon skins over his shoulders. Much paint was used and many feathers were added, before Powhatan was satisfied with his looks.

At last he was ready to take his seat in the council house. He placed himself on a low couch, with a young Indian woman on each side. Painted warriors stood in rows about the building as Smith was led in before their chief.

Where was the little Pocahontas standing at this time? We do not know, but we can picture her looking at the prisoner with love and kindness in her black eyes.

The order was given to bring water that the white man might wash his hands. One of the Indian women placed it before Smith, while another handed him feathers which he was to use instead of a towel. After this, a feast was spread before the prisoner and he was told to eat.

What would come next? John Smith watched the faces of the Indians closely as they talked together. Would Powhatan be friendly toward him? No, for he was jealous of the white settlers and did not wish them to make their home in his beautiful country.

Smith watched and waited, but there was little to hope for. Someone else watched, too, and she alone felt pity for him. It was the gentle Pocahontas, who ever afterward proved a guardian angel to Smith and all his friends.

At last the council was ended. The Indians brought two stones and placed them at Powhatan's feet. They seized their prisoner, and, dragging him along, laid his head upon the stones.

The clubs of two powerful warriors were raised. In a moment more, the captive would have been cruelly killed, if the chief's little daughter had not spoken. She was not more than twelve years old.

"Father," she begged, "save this poor man's life. Save it for my sake."

The stern Powhatan loved the child as the apple of his eye, but he would not change the order he had given. Pocahontas saw it was of no use to plead. She flew to Smith's side and took his head in her arms. If the cruel blow fell, it must kill her as well as the prisoner.

When the great chief saw this, he yielded, and Smith's life was spared. "He may live among us as a prisoner and may spend his time making hatchets for me and beads for Pocahontas." That was what he thought.

After a few days, however, he changed his mind. He decided to let Smith go back to his own people at



A LITTLE POWHATAN

Jamestown. But there was one condition. He must send back to Powhatan two big guns and a grindstone. If he would do this, the Indian chief promised to be a father to the white brave.

So it happened that Smith was once more free, and he left the home of the Indian maiden who had saved his life. But she continued to show her love for him in many ways.

The white people at Jamestown were in a sad state when Smith got back. They had been quarreling among themselves. Many of them were longing for their home across the ocean. They had but a small supply of food on hand, and most of the Indians were so unfriendly that they would not sell their corn.

But when Smith told of the brave little girl who had saved his life and who showed such love and kindness to her father's prisoner, they became more hopeful.

They soon had a chance to look at Pocahontas with their own eyes. For one morning soon after Smith's return to Jamestown, they saw a canoe crossing the river. In it was the Indian maiden with her servants. She was bringing food to the hungry settlers.

She visited them every few days. Each time her boat was filled with supplies. And so the white men were kept from suffering until a ship arrived from England, bringing whatever they needed to give them comfort.

If it had not been for this brave Indian maiden, the history of our country might have been very different. To begin with, she saved John Smith's life. And if it had not been for his courage and good sense, his companions would have given up and left the shores of America.

After this Pocahontas kept them supplied with provisions when they were most in need. But these were not all the things she did. We shall hear of other brave and kindly deeds before her story is ended.

Powhatan was a very clever man, even though he was a savage. He pretended to be a friend to John Smith and the other white settlers. Yet he was jealous of their power and tried to make sharp bargains with them. He wished to get some of their swords and guns. When other people came from England and the white settlement grew larger, he knew they would be able to protect themselves against the tomahawks and bows and arrows of the red men. But John Smith was as clever as Powhatan. He knew how to talk with the great chief in his own way. He was never deceived by mere words of friendship.

The other settlers were not so wise as Smith. They gave Powhatan swords in exchange for corn. Now he could fight with English weapons.

Word had been sent to England about the powerful Indian chief and of his strength and riches.

King James was a very foolish man. He thought that the more honor the white men showed Powhatan, the kinder he would be. So he sent some fine presents to the red chief. First of all, there was a crown, and the direction was given that Powhatan must be crowned like any white king. There must be a great ceremony. The other presents were a bed and bedstead, a bowl and pitcher, and a suit of scarlet clothes.

When John Smith saw these things, he thought, "How foolish it is to give such presents to a savage chief. A few beads and other cheap ornaments would please him just as well. These things will only make him proud, and then he will not be as generous to us."

But the people paid little attention to what Smith thought about it. King James had given his orders, and he ought to know what was right. So, at last, Smith agreed to go to Powhatan's home and ask him to come to Jamestown to be crowned. Four other men went with him.

When they reached the Indian village, they learned that the chief was thirty miles away. But Pocahontas at once sent word to her father. In the meantime, she did her best to entertain her white friends.

A mat was spread before a fire and the visitors were

asked to sit down. They had hardly settled themselves when they heard frightful sounds coming from the woods near by. They believed they were about to be attacked and seized their arms. Pocahontas told them they were quite mistaken. This was only the beginning of an entertainment.

A moment afterward thirty young girls appeared. They came rushing out of the woods. They wore no clothing except aprons of green leaves. They were painted in different colors and wore deer-horns on their heads. They carried swords, clubs or sticks in their hands.

They formed in a big circle around the fire, and joined in a wild dance about the white men.

When the dance was over, Pocahontas led the way to a grand feast. Every dainty the girl could think of was spread before the white men. She was doing her best to make Smith and his friends enjoy their visit.

While the visitors were eating, the same girls who had danced around them, appeared again. This time they were dressed as usual. But they now took part in another dance, often stopping to ask the white men, "Love you not me? Love you not me?"

When the meal was over, they lighted torches at the fire and led the way to the place where the visitors were to sleep.

When Powhatan returned, Captain Smith invited him to go to Jamestown to be crowned. But no! the chief was not willing to leave his home. He feared a trap had been laid to snare him. He told the white men they might bring the crown and other gifts to him in his own village. He would not take one step away from it for the sake of getting the presents.

There was nothing to be done, therefore, except to bring the presents to Powhatan. The great day came at last. A large party of the white men arrived in the Indian village, and the bowl and pitcher, the bed and bedstead were presented to the chief.

The suit of scarlet clothes was spread before him and he was asked to put it on. At first, Powhatan was afraid. Perhaps, he thought, the English could work some magic by means of these garments.

After a while, however, he got over his fear and dressed himself in the wonderful suit. Now came the time to place the crown upon Powhatan's head.

He must kneel when this was done. It was the custom in England for a king to kneel when he received his crown. So, of course, his English subjects must see that a crown should be received in the same way in America. It made no difference to them that it was a savage red man who was to be honored.

They begged and they coaxed. They dropped on

their own knees to show him how to do it. Still Powhatan was stubborn.

They saw it was of no use. They did the best they could, however. They pressed upon his shoulders till he bent over a very, very little. Then the crown was placed on the chief's head in a great hurry and guns were fired in salute.

The sudden noise gave Powhatan a terrible fright. He jumped up in a greater hurry than that in which the crown had been placed on his head. After a while he was made to understand why the guns were fired. It was part of the ceremony that made him king. He felt pleased once more, and showed his good-will by giving his old mantle and moccasins to Captain Newport, who had brought the crown from England in his vessel. Don't you wonder whether the captain felt honored?

As time passed by, instead of treating the white men more kindly, now they had crowned him, Powhatan was less generous with his corn and much more lofty in his manner. It was just as Smith had feared; he was puffed up with his own greatness.

He charged higher and higher prices in trading with the English, and sometimes refused to sell corn at any price. It happened many times that Smith and his people had to protect themselves with their firearms

from being killed, when they made trips through the country.

At length, in the midst of a cold winter, Smith decided to go with a strong band of his men to visit Powhatan. He meant to capture him and take him to Jamestown. The Indian chief had plainly showed he would like to starve the white men and drive them from his shores. He had talked of being a father to Smith, but his actions had by no means shown he had such a feeling.

Once Powhatan was their prisoner, the other Indians would be more friendly. Smith felt sure of this.

He and his party sailed up the river until they had come as near the shore of Powhatan's village as the ice would allow. Then they waded through the icy marsh and managed to reach dry land in safety.

They sent word to the chief, asking him for food. He ordered venison, turkeys, and other good things to be carried to them, but did not go near them himself. The second day of their visit, he asked when they would leave the place.

Smith then managed to have a long talk with him, in which both the chief and the captain tried to hide their true feelings from each other.

All this time it was growing warmer. The ice began to break up, and every moment made it easier for the

boats to come close to the shore. Powhatan was afraid of what Smith might do. He also wished to work harm to the white men. He secretly left the village and fled into the forest with his wives and children.

It was a dark night. What sudden attack was the wily chief planning? The white men were in great danger. The tide was now so low they could not get back to the boats. There were many Indians around the place. They were peaceable, for the Englishmen were ready for a surprise and held their guns cocked. But not one of the white visitors knew what Powhatan was planning out in the forest.

Suddenly, Pocahontas appeared in their midst. She had come all alone through the woods. She wished to warn them. She begged them to leave the place at once, if they would save their lives.

Captain Smith was filled with gratitude. He offered presents to the young girl. He felt sure the ornaments would please her. But the brave Pocahontas began to weep. She said she would certainly be killed if Powhatan should see her wearing them. She did not stay any longer, but ran off again into the dark woods. What a friend she had shown herself!

The white men could not leave at once, as Pocahontas had wished. But they watched all the more carefully. They were on their guard every moment till the morning

light, when the tide was high enough for them to sail away from this dangerous place as fast as possible.

Year after year, new dangers came to the people of Jamestown. Powhatan managed to get hold of a good many English firearms. He was a more dangerous enemy than ever.

Then a new plan was thought of by which he might be brought to terms. Pocahontas herself should be made prisoner! Captain Smith knew nothing of this, for he was in England at this time. The plan was successful and the Indian maiden fell into the white men's hands. She had no idea of what was about to happen.

But when Pocahontas found herself a prisoner, she was not unhappy. She was treated with the greatest kindness by the white people. Of course, they wished her no harm. They only desired to gain power over her father. They hoped to make a peace with him through his favorite daughter, and they were careful to explain this to her.

They sent word to Powhatan that Pocahontas should return to him as soon as he would give up the white men whom he had captured and held as slaves, as well as the English firearms stolen by white traitors and sold to him.

Powhatan was willing to send back the white pris-

oners, but the firearms were very dear to him. It took a long, long while for him to make up his mind.

In the meantime, Pocahontas was having a pleasant time among the English. She was now a young woman of eighteen and fair and pleasant to look upon. Among her white friends was a young man named John Rolfe. He told her of the God in whom his people believed, and of Jesus, the loving friend of all creatures.

It was not long before Pocahontas was baptized in the Christian faith and gave up the belief in Okee, the hideous idol of her people. A new name was given her. She was christened Rebecca, and was afterwards called the Lady Rebecca by her white friends.

It happened that John Rolfe had loved Pocahontas for a long time. He now asked her to be his wife. He was glad when he found that she loved him in return. Word was sent to Powhatan and he was much pleased. It would be a good thing for the chief's daughter to marry a white man. It would make friendship between the two peoples.

And so it happened one bright day that the Indian maiden entered the little church in Jamestown to become the happy wife of the good John Rolfe. Two years afterward, she went to England with her husband and baby boy, whom she tenderly loved. She received much attention as a great princess and was presented at court.

While she was in England, she saw John Smith once more. She had been told he was dead, and when she met him she was much overcome. He was her first white friend and she had been true to him through many dangers.

Pocahontas, or the Lady Rebecca as she was now called, loved England so well she did not wish to leave it. But her husband felt that he was needed in Virginia and made plans to sail for home.

His loved Indian wife was taken suddenly ill at this time with the dreaded smallpox. She lived only a few days and died at the age of twenty-one years, far from the home of her birth.

Her little son was brought up in England, but went back to Virginia, where he lived and died respected by all. Many good people in Virginia to-day trace their descent from him and the kind and gentle Indian girl, Pocahontas.

Habbomak, The Little Wampanoag

FOREWORD

YOU have all heard of the brave Pilgrims who sought a new home at Plymouth. They had a long and stormy voyage and reached New England at the beginning of a cold and bitter winter. If they had not gained the friendship of the good Indian chief Massasoit, their children might not have lived to tell their story.

There were tribes in New England that were not kind to the Pilgrims, but Massasoit did all he could to help them as long as he lived. He and his tribe were poor, even for Indians. The climate of New England was rough and the winters were long and cold. The red men as well as the white settlers often suffered for lack of food.

By the time Massasoit died, other ships had followed the "Mayflower" to the shores of New England and the white men had grown strong in numbers. This was

fortunate for them, for Massasoit's son, King Philip, was now the ruler of the Wampanoags. He hated the white men and tried to drive them out of the country. In his war thirteen towns were destroyed and six hundred of the English were killed.

But he was conquered at last, for he was driven into a swamp and killed. Some of his followers escaped to the West. Others were made prisoners and sold as slaves in the West Indies. The rest of them were killed. The tribe of the Wampanoags was at an end.

Habbomak, The Little Wampanoag

IT was a very cold night. The snow had drifted in great piles around the lodge. Even the stars looked cold as they twinkled in the sky. Not a living creature could be seen moving about the settlement. Everyone was settled for the night's sleep.

And yet one could hear a great noise inside the lodge. What was it all about? Noise! The red people would have been offended to hear it called by such a name. They were singing themselves to sleep!

Habbomak was so used to this good old custom of his people, it would have been hard work for him to go to sleep without it. He always took his part in the singing to begin with, but his eyes soon began to blink, and he was usually the first to leave off

One by one, the older people followed his example, and at last not a sound could be heard except the crackling of the logs on the fire. Habbomak's mother got up many times in the night to put on fresh fuel.

It was one of the coldest nights of a cold New England

winter. If there had been a thermometer to tell the story, it would have said, "Twenty degrees below zero!"

From time to time, little Habbomak turned over. He was as near the fire as was safe, but, while one side of his body was being comfortably toasted, the other side grew colder and colder. His bed was only a mat and his covering was scanty. The fire had to serve in place of much bedding.

Habbomak's people were poor. It was hard work for them to provide corn and game enough for their needs through the long, cold winters. Except the wolves that prowled around and often filled the night air with their howls, wild animals were scarce in what is now called by us Eastern Massachusetts.

The hunters were ever on the watch for deer, but the animals were not plentiful enough to give all the meat the people needed. Habbomak sometimes trudged many miles with his father in search of game. And when at last, as often happened, they had to turn round and go home without finding a single eatable animal, they never complained. Not even a scowl could be seen on their foreheads. Their life was hard, but they would not show they thought so, for the world.

This very night when Habbomak was turning from side to side to keep warm, he had gone to bed without any supper. Neither was there a bit of food in the

house for breakfast. They could only hope that the weather would moderate so they would be able to get some clams or fish for dinner.

Away to the west, other tribes of red men were spending gay and happy lives, without even the need of planting corn. Buffaloes and antelopes were plentiful, berries and wild rice grew in abundance, and the skin tents were warm and comfortable.

Farther south, the people of Habbomak's race found life's battle still easier. For the climate was warmer and there were many wild plants and fruits to furnish food, while birds and other game could be hunted the year round.

But Habbomak and his people knew nothing of the greatness of their country, and they never thought of seeking a new home far away.

Do not think for a moment, however, that the little red boy was not happy. He loved his home, which really was beautiful in the summer time. He also dearly loved his father and mother, while he was proud of living under the wise rule of the kind and great chief, Massasoit.

The boy's mother had built a new lodge just before the winter set in. She went along the water courses and gathered young willow trees. They would make the framework of the wigwam. After bringing them

home, she bent them over like bows and fastened the ends in the ground. She soon had a round arbor, which would make you think of a summerhouse in your own garden, only it was larger.

The covering must now be laid on. It was made up of many mats, which the woman had woven in different patterns, out of grasses. They were very pretty, and so closely woven that not a drop of rain or puff of wind could enter.

There was an opening in the top of the lodge, of course. If it were not for that, the smoke could not get out when a fire was made inside. As it was, it did not *all* rise and go out through the hole made for it in the top; and although the inmates sat on mats on the ground, they could not help breathing in some of the smoky air.

If Habbomak hadn't been used to it ever since he was born, he would have wheezed and sneezed and choked about all the time.

But there is nothing like getting used to disagreeable things. And so it was that on stormy days the red boy was quite contented to sit crosslegged before the fire, hour after hour, while his father and his friends told stories of hunting and of war, or legends of the under-water people, or the wonderful beings of the forest and the air.

Early the next morning the boy and his father rose from their mats and got ready for fishing. But Habbomak's mother had been up a long time already. She had been out on the shore and wading in the icy water to see if she could find lobsters to use for bait in fishing.

Of course, all boys who live near the seashore know how lobsters are caught nowadays. Traps are baited with herring and anchored out in the deep water. Every day or two, the fisherman rows, or sails, out to them, pulls them up, and takes out the lobsters that have been foolish enough to go into the trap.

But the only trap Habbomak's mother had was a very simple one. It consisted of her own strong hands and arms. If she saw a lobster, she swiftly reached down under the water and made a sudden grab. Perhaps she got a harder hand-shake in return than she would have wished, for lobsters' claws are very strong, and if they are angry and wish to escape, they will grip with all their might. But the Indian woman thinks a little thing like that is not worth talking about.

After an hour's search, Habbomak's mother came home with enough bait to satisfy her husband, and he and his son started for the shore. Some of the neighbors were already there. They were on the same errand, for there was little food in the settlement. If there had been plenty, these poor savages, as they are often

called, would gladly have shared it with their friends, for they were always generous and hospitable.

The canoes were not large and the waves often dashed over the edges, giving Habbomak and his friends an unexpected bath, but they seemed scarcely to notice it. The families at home needed food, and fish *must* be caught. That was their only thought.

The women at home had many duties. They cooked the meals and made the clothing. They built the lodges, or wigwams, and planted the corn. But it was the work of the men to protect their homes from the enemy and to supply the needed game. They felt much ashamed if they did not try their hardest to do these two things.

By noontime, a good number of fish had been caught and the fishermen turned their boats homeward. Habbomak's mother was waiting on the shore with other women. Her husband jumped out and Habbomak followed him, leaving to the woman the duty of fastening the boat, taking out the fish, and bringing them to the wigwam.

Half an hour afterward, dinner was ready. The fish had been broiled over the hot coals in the fireplace and laid on a wooden plate in front of the master of the lodge. When he had eaten, he took his pipe and sat smoking while the rest of the family satisfied themselves.

The long, cold winter came to an end at last. It was one of the hardest of Habbomak's life, and he never forgot it.

The song of returning birds could be heard; the frogs began to croak on the banks of the little streams, and blades of green grass showed themselves on every hand.

"The spring has come! the spring has come!" said Habbomak gaily, and he seized his bow and arrows and started for the woods.

The boy's mother was very busy now. The corn-field must be planted. She took her clam-shell hoe and went busily to work. She had neither horse nor plough to aid her. Her own hands were her only helpers.

By this time the fish were very plentiful, and several of them were placed in each hill with the seed-corn. They would make the ground richer. There must be a good harvest this year, so that a supply could be laid by which would be large enough to last through the next season. And it must be stored so safely underground that the wolves could not steal it as they did last year.

Everyone was now busy. The men and boys went hunting for game. Habbomak often brought home wild turkeys, as well as ducks and geese, squirrels and rabbits.

"What beautiful feathers those are," said the boy's

mother one morning as he held up a brown turkey for her to admire. It must have weighed twenty pounds, at least. Habbomak had just caught it in a trap he set in the woods.

"The feathers are just what I need for finishing your father's new cloak," she went on. "He will look very fine in it."

She was proud of her husband and thought a good deal more of his looks than of her own. When he was fully dressed, with his embroidered moccasins on his feet, eagle feathers in his hair, a necklace of carved fish-bones around his neck, and large rings of seashells hanging from his ears, his wife thought he was the grandest-looking person in the world.

"That is, excepting our good chief, Massasoit," she would say. "No one ought to look finer than he."

"What a wise chief Massasoit is," said Habbomak, after his mother had finished praising the turkey. "I met him this morning. He was out hunting with some of his men. He spoke kindly to me, mother. I hope no enemy will ever harm him."

Habbomak spoke truly. Massasoit was neither cruel nor selfish. He ruled over many tribes, and they all tried to please him, for they felt great love for their chief.

"His two sons were with him," Habbomak went on.

"One of them is not at all like his father. He has a strong, proud spirit. I do not believe he will be a kind chief if he ever rules in the place of his father."

"You are speaking of his young boy, Pometacom," replied the mother. "I fear you say truly, my son."

Many of you who read this story of Habbomak have heard of the great Indian chief, King Philip, and of the terrible war between him and our Pilgrim Fathers. This Philip in his childhood was the boy Pometacom. His name was changed after Massasoit had become a strong friend of the white settlers and wished his children to have Christian names.

But this morning when Habbomak sat talking with his mother, he had never yet seen a white man. It was the summer before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. The red child was afraid that some of these strange white people of whom he had heard would come to his shores and make him a prisoner. Then he believed they would carry him far away across the great waters and he should never see his loved ones any more.

Their ships had been here; he knew that. The white men who landed had been crafty and cruel. They had taken several of the red men away with them and they had never been heard of again. Why should he not fear them? He happened to speak of it to his mother, as he sat talking this morning.

"Have you not heard that one of those they took prisoner came back?" asked the woman. "He was carried in a big canoe to a distant place he called Spain. There he was sold as a slave. He had a sad, sad time, and he had to work very hard for his master. But he managed to escape on a ship, as the white men call one of their big canoes, and he was carried to another strange country.

"When he got to this new place (he called it England), he met with a very good man who treated him kindly and sent him back here to his own home. The red man's name is Squanto. It is strange you have not heard of him.

"You see now that all white people are not cruel, Habbomak. There are some bad red men, my child. We must not suppose that *all* white men are bad and cruel because a few wicked ones landed on our shores.

"But I have been talking a long time. See! the sun is high in the heavens and the cornfield must be weeded."

As she was speaking, there was a cry from overhead. It came from Habbomak's little brother, who was hanging in his baby-frame from the branch of the tree under which his mother was sitting.

The tiny red face was all one could see of the baby. It was covered with grease, so you would not have felt like kissing it, although it looked sweet and loving.

What reason could these people have for using so much grease upon their bodies? It kept off the attacks of mosquitoes, bees and wasps, at any rate. The men could go through the forest without danger of stings or bites; the babies could hang happily from the boughs and none of those tormenting little creatures would draw near to bother them. That was reason enough.

After the baby had been fed, it was again strapped upon the board and bound to the mother's back. Then she started off to the field. When the corn had been nicely weeded, there were other things to do. Clams must be dug and lobsters must be caught.

It was far pleasanter work than in the cold winter time. The lobsters were found in greater numbers, too. The woman waded out into the water till it reached up to the baby-frame on her back. But the little one did not fear. As the water splashed around him, he laughed and "goo-ed" in delight.

Now that the lobsters were plentiful, they must be saved for winter use. The women of the settlement had made a sort of rough scaffold, and fires were lighted underneath. As the smoke rose, it drove off the flies and gnats and kept them from alighting on the lobsters, which were spread upon the scaffold, under the hot sun and over the hot smoke. The fires were kept going till

the lobsters were well dried and could be stored safely away.

Many of the fish the men caught were also dried in the same manner. Then they were hung to the poles inside the wigwams, or stored away in the pretty baskets woven by the women.

Habbomak began to watch the maple trees as soon as the first warm days arrived. As soon as he was sure the sap had begun to flow, he ran home to tell the news to his mother.

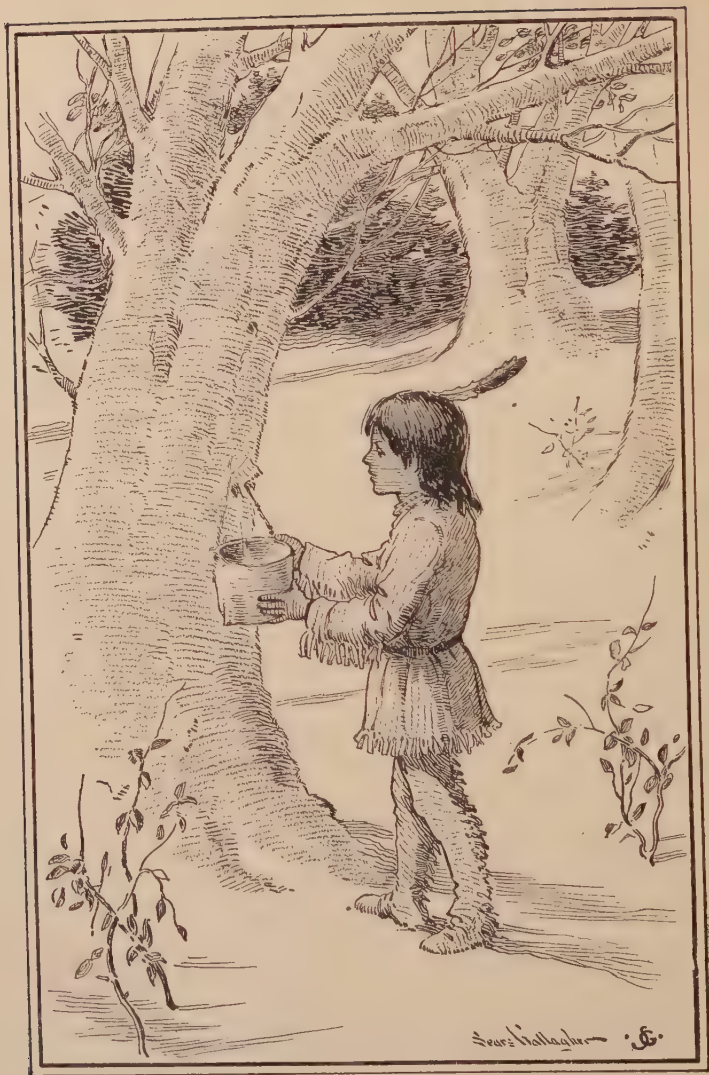
"Get some stout birch bark at once," she said. "We will make some cups and troughs to hold the sweet juice."

It was pleasant work. The boy smiled as he thought of the cakes of sugar he would soon have to eat.

"The maple is our friend," he thought. "It makes us a rich gift. Mother will soon be able to have delicious feasts for our family and our friends."

When the bark dishes were made, Habbomak went with his mother to a grove of maple trees and made deep cuts in the side of each one. A cup was fastened under the notch, and the boy could hear the delightful drip, drip, drip, of the sap as it ran into the cups.

Every little while the cups were emptied into the troughs. When these were full, it was time to begin the boiling.



A LITTLE WAMPANOAG

“Run away! Run away!” the women often had to say to the little children who came crowding around and begging for just one more taste. But their voices did not sound very cross, and the children were not driven so far but that they soon found their way back again.

When sugar making was over and the corn and beans had begun to grow, the women not only hunted for lobsters in the ocean, but they searched the woods for stores of roots and herbs. And then in the fall came the nuts and acorns.

Suppose the corn harvest should not be as large as the people wished. If they had plenty of acorns, they could make a good meal at any time by boiling them and mixing them with the corn, or even eating them alone.

One of Habbomak’s favorite dinners was of what he called “succotash.” When the green corn was big enough to eat, and the bean pods were well filled, the boy’s mother gathered these two vegetables and cooked them together. They made a delicious food. Many of us to-day like it as well as Habbomak did; and we use his name for it still,—succotash.

Of course, this red boy and his people had many good times together. You are quite mistaken if you think they were always gloomy, and that they spoke few

words. Neither were the women always busy, though, after their gardens were planted and weeded and their stores laid by for winter, they still had moccasins to embroider, mats to weave, and baskets to make.

They were very fond of sweet-grass, and they used a great deal of it in their weaving. That was the reason the mats and baskets had such a pleasant odor.

But, even with all this work, there was some time left each day for music and dancing, games and story-telling. They would not have been like the rest of their race, if they had not loved these things.

Habbomak helped his mother in some of her duties, but every year his part of what he called "woman's work" grew smaller and smaller.

He had his own canoe now, and no longer had to use his father's. It was a graceful little boat, and very light. The boy had made it from the bark of a big birch tree and bound it with strong grasses. He often carried it on his back for long distances, while he trudged along the forest paths and went from stream to stream in search of bass or pickerel.

He loved to fish in the summer time. He often went out at night, carrying a long spear. It was great sport to catch the fish in this way,—spearing them from the bottom of brooks or ponds. Or, perhaps, he set traps

of woven grasses. But he usually fished with a hook and line.

Of course he made his own hooks. He carved them out of bone. He also made his own arrows. It was hard work, for the arrowheads were of flint. The sinews of a deer furnished the strings of his bow, so that new ones could be easily made if the old ones broke.

Habbomak spent many hours drawing pictures of a certain animal. It was already painted on his father's cloak. It was also carved on a stone kept in the boy's wigwam.

"It is my totem," he would have told you. "It is the emblem of my family. It is the figure of my best helper and friend."

Habbomak really believed that this special animal, which he was so fond of drawing, was a sort of guardian over himself and all his relatives.

The red boy dearly loved to carve wampum. It was slow work, to be sure, but when it was once made, Habbomak and his people thought it was the most precious thing in the world.

He searched along the shore for a certain kind of sea-shell having a beautiful pearly lining. He broke and filed these shells into small pieces, in which he bored holes. Then he strung them on a deer's sinew. It took a long time to make a single string of wampum.

Whoever was fortunate enough to have a large belt of these beads, was a rich man indeed.

Habbomak's people never made a treaty with other tribes, or did any other important business, without using wampum. No one would dare to break an agreement made over it.

It was also used for money. The tiny polished beads were worth as much to the red men as pieces of silver are to us. A string of wampum was worth a large sum and would buy many valuable things.

As Habbomak sat on the seashore one morning with his shells beside him, he saw an old friend coming toward him.

"Sit down and talk with me while I work," said the boy. "It is pleasant here in the sunshine."

The young man stretched himself on the warm sand and watched Habbomak as he worked. At first he was silent, for he was smoking his pipe. But when the last puff had risen in the air, he laid it down and said:

"I have just heard a good story which the red men north of us are fond of hearing. Would you like to have me tell it?"

"Oh, do please," answered Habbomak. "You are such a good story-teller, I am always glad to hear you talk. But what is the story about?"

"You have often heard of Glooskap?"

"Yes, indeed, father has many times told me of the wonderful things he can do. He is so strong he can outdo any other giant in the world. And he can change himself to look like anybody or anything else he pleases. He is the friend of all good people and will grant their wishes, but he is a terrible being for bad people to meet. I know that."

"Well, this story of Glooskap is of the time when he was quite young. He lived in the home of five other giants, a father and his four children. He was quite fond of them then, for they were good.

"As time passed by, they became very wicked. They killed everyone they could get hold of and ate them, besides.

"Glooskap heard how they were behaving. He said to himself: 'If they are really doing such dreadful things, I will punish them severely. But I will first go to see them and find out the truth in the matter.'

"He started on the journey toward their home. He did not wish them to know who he was, so he changed himself in such a way as to look exactly like the father giant, who had only one eye, and whose hair was gray on one side of his head only.

"He went into the house and began to talk.

" 'Dear me,' said the children. 'We can't tell which

one is the stranger and which is our own father. If we could only be sure, we should like to kill this fellow. We will get the better of him yet, even if he is a powerful magician.'

"One of them cooked the tail of a whale and handed it to the stranger. But a second giant grabbed it away from him, saying it was too good for a beggar.

"What do you suppose Glooskap did now? Don't you suppose he was very angry?

"He only said: 'That whale's tail is mine; I will have it.' And instantly it left the giant and came back to him without his lifting a finger."

Habbomak's eyes grew big. "He was so powerful that all he had to do was to *wish* for it," he said slowly. The young man went on:

"The family of giants were not yet satisfied. The oldest one brought a whale's jawbone and, holding it up, bent it slightly. He did not believe the visitor could do better than that. But Glooskap took the jawbone and broke it into two parts by merely pressing it between his thumb and finger.

"'He has beaten us both times,' said the giants among themselves. 'But we will not give up yet. We will ask him to play ball.' They invited him to come out by the side of the river and have a game with them.

"He was perfectly willing and wasn't the least bit

troubled when he found the ball they used was a skull. It jumped about on the ground and snapped its horrible mouth at Glooskap's feet.

"He only laughed, and, turning to a tree, broke off the end of a branch. As he started it rolling over the ground, it changed into a far more dreadful skull than the first one. And it chased those giants in every direction. Not one of them could get away from it.

"At the same time, Glooskap stamped on the ground and began to sing. And, would you believe it! the river rose in a mighty flood and swept away the wicked giants. They were changed into fishes and have never since had a chance to do evil deeds to men."

"Good, good," said Habbomak, "they were punished as they deserved. It is well there are such wise and powerful beings as Glooskap."

The shells had long ago dropped from the red boy's hands; he had forgotten everything but Glooskap. But now he turned to his friend and said:

"I should like to see what is on the other side of that great ocean. Many wonderful beings of whom we have never heard may dwell there. I am not thinking of the white people and their homes; I should not wish to visit them. No, not even if they should come here and promise to show me wonderful things if I

would go away with them. Oh, no, no!" And Hab-bomak shook his head with all his might.

The young man smiled. "You would not be ready to welcome them; I can see that," he answered.

Neither of them dreamed of what was to happen so soon,—that not only white men, but also women and children would be living on their shores, and that their good chief, Massasoit, would bid his people treat them as friends and as brethren.

Onoda, the Little Mohawk

FOREWORD

WHEN the Dutch people settled in New York they had for neighbors a powerful tribe of Indians. These called themselves the Mohawks. They belonged to a league with four other tribes. The French people called this the League of the Iroquois. The English spoke of it as the Five Nations. Many years afterwards, another tribe joined it and it became known as the Six Nations.

This league was very strong. Its people showed greater wisdom in many ways than any other red men. It was ever ready to make war upon tribes who would not join with it. It is no wonder that the other Indians lived in constant fear of the brave and powerful Iroquois.

The Mohawks were perhaps the most to be dreaded of all the league. When the Indians of New England discovered a single Mohawk in that part of the country, they would raise a cry from hill to hill, "A Mohawk! A Mohawk!" Then they would flee like sheep before a pack of wolves.

The Iroquois were always the friends of the English in New York. Without their help the New York people might not have held their country when the French tried to take it away from them.

Onoda, the Little Mohawk

ONODA was out of breath. He had run ten miles along one of the trails of the forest.

"It is good practice," he said to himself that morning. "I want to become as good a runner as Weyo. He can travel fifty miles in a day without getting tired. I will go to meet him and take him by surprise on his way home."

And now the boy lay resting under the great trees of the forest, while he watched for Weyo's return.

It was a bright summer evening long ago; long even before the white people had come to make a home near Onoda's tribe. What is now the great city of New York was then but a wilderness.

There were no cities nor towns, no factories nor roads. Here and there, in the cleared spaces, were the villages of the red men, joined together by paths through the woods, many miles in length. Some of the best roads in the country are now built along the line of these old Indian trails.

"I am so proud of my people," thought Onoda.

"There are none so great as the Five Nations in this whole country. All other tribes fear us. They shiver when one of our war parties draws near. That is, all but the Sioux. They are a brave tribe, but they cannot equal us."

Onoda went on thinking of the stories he had heard about a time before the Five Nations were banded together. They were not then any stronger than other tribes. But they were wise enough to see that it would be far better to join into one great people. They agreed to have the same laws. They chose rulers who should make these laws and plan for the best good of the people. They called these rulers Sachems.

From that time they had grown in strength and their very name filled weaker tribes with fear. They did not live by wandering from place to place like most of the people of their race. They had homes and villages of their own which were joined together by the forest trails.

They built houses instead of tents. They made them so long that several families could live under one roof. That is why they were called "The People of the Long House."

Do not imagine that these buildings were high and strong, of heavy wood and stone, like the tenement houses in a city. They were made of bark, and they

were so light that the women could put them together without any help from the men. They were only one story high. There were several fireplaces in each house at short distances through the middle of the building, and two families could use one fireplace in their cooking, without troubling one another in the least.

"They are the finest houses in the world," Onoda thought.

He had never heard of any different ones, except the tents of bark or skin used by other tribes of Indians. What should he know of the marble palaces or houses of brick and stone made by the white people across the ocean? He had never seen a white man, nor read a book in his life. He knew nothing about cities, but he had already learned enough from kind Mother Nature to fill a whole library of books.

Onoda loved his kind teacher. He was grateful for her beautiful gifts to men,—the trees and the flowers; the corn and the beans and the squash, which the Indian boy always thought of as the "Three Sisters"; the wild creatures of the woods which he had already learned to shoot. Yes,—Nature was very kind. She was the helper of the Great Spirit, who loved his people and watched over them.

Onoda did not know the meaning of Sunday, but,

every day of the year, he was ready to give thanks to the Great Spirit for his goodness.

One thanksgiving day was not enough for the red boy and his people. There were six times during the year in which great thanksgiving festivals were held. Some of them lasted several days. At these times, prayers were made to the Great Spirit, feasts were spread, and all work was set aside. Everybody must make merry and enjoy these festivals.

"Ah! there comes Weyo!" exclaimed Onoda, as his quick ear heard a faint sound in the distance. He put his ear to the ground. Yes, Weyo was drawing nearer and nearer. There was no doubt of that.

A few minutes afterward the young man was sitting on his heels against a tree trunk, telling Onoda the news from a tribe he had just visited. It was one of the Five Nations, and the people had been asked to take part in a council. A new sachem must be chosen to take the place of one who had just died.

The sachems governed the people and helped to make the laws. After a sachem was once chosen, he held his place until he died. That was, of course, unless he proved himself to be a bad man and unfit to guide his people.

Weyo had been busy for several days carrying messages from tribe to tribe. He had traveled hundreds of miles

on foot, and had gone so quickly that Onoda almost envied him:

"Some day I may be as good a runner as you," said the boy, as they sat talking under the tree. "I am going to train for it, anyway. That is why I came to meet you to-day."

Weyo was a straight, handsome young Indian with powerful muscles. He wore only a loin cloth and moccasins to-day. The less clothing he carried, the better it was for him on these long trips.

"I wish you could see the falls, Onoda," said the runner. "I was there not many days ago. They looked beautiful with the sunlight sparkling on them. The sound of the falling water made me think of Heno, the Thunderer."

Onoda's black eyes grew bright. Heno was one of the Great Spirit's helpers, as the boy thought.

It was Heno, or Grandfather, as Onoda lovingly called him, who shaped the clouds and gave the rain. If it were not for him, the harvests would not ripen nor the fruits become soft and sweet. Yes, he was one of the best of friends to the red man.

"They say Heno once dwelt in the cave under Niagara, don't they, Weyo? He loved the noise of the rushing waters."

"Yes, but he moved away from there long ago, Onoda. My mother used to tell me the story. There was a

monstrous serpent that troubled the people who lived near the falls. It poisoned the water and caused sickness and death.

"At last Heno punished the serpent as it deserved. He struck it with a thunderbolt. The creature was killed, but its dead body floated down the river until it came to the edge of the falls. It was so large that it stretched almost across the river. The waters were stopped in their course, but the force of the stream was so great it broke through the rocks behind. Ever since that time there have been two falls instead of one. But Heno's home was destroyed in the crash, and he moved away into the west."

"I heard another story about Niagara the other day," said Onoda, when his friend had finished. "It was longer ago than the time you told of, Weyo, for it was before any falls were there.

"There was once an old man who lived away in the west. His home was on the top of a mountain. It was so high that when the air was clear, he could see the ocean in the distance. This old man had five daughters who were merry and gay and ever ready for a frolic. One morning, the youngest girl said to her sisters:

"Come out! come out! let us go to the ocean. We can surely reach it. I want to hear the roar of the

water and watch the foam on the waves as they come rolling in upon the shore.'

"The five girls put on their gayest robes and, laughing merrily, skipped along over fields and valleys, woods and hills. Nothing stopped them in their course until they came to a steep rock, as high as a mountain.

"'Dear me!' cried the youngest girl, 'here's a terrible leap. But we must not stop. If we should go back now, father would laugh at us.'

"The girls were dressed in gauzy robes. Their feet were clad in sparkling frost, and their wings were made of frozen wind. They had nothing to fear.

"Down they plunged over the side of the cliff as merrily as birds. It was such sport, they flew back and tried it over and over again. They laughed in delight as the foam covered the water and the spray rose high in the air. It was a merry frolic, indeed."

"You know who those maidens are, Onoda. They are the spirits of the five great lakes that empty their waters over the falls of Niagara,—lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, St. Clair and Erie. But come, we have rested here a long time. We must hurry home, now."

The young man rose from the ground and started off on an easy run along the forest path. They both kept up a steady pace, with only two stops, till home

was reached. There they found everyone making ready for the council. It was to be held the next day at Oneida. Runners had been sent over all the country of the Five Nations during the last two days. In that time word had been carried to every village. The swift feet of the Indians were the only horses used.

There would be a great gathering of the people from the north, south, east and west. None but the sick would stay behind.

Onoda looked longingly at the canoe of red cedar he had just finished. He would like to spend the day in it on the river. But this feeling lasted only a moment. He would have a hundred times as much pleasure at the council. He would see all his old friends. He would take part in many games. He would watch beautiful dances. He would hear fine songs. It would be a great time, and he would not miss it for the world.

Early the next morning, the forest paths all over the country were alive with travelers. Everyone was moving toward the place where the council would be held. Can you see the picture in your mind,—the long lines of figures gliding softly through the dark woods?

There were old men and women, hardly able to hobble along on their staffs. There were mothers with babies, in their pretty frames, strapped to their backs; there were the chiefs and the sachems, dressed in their finest

garments; there were the young men and maidens, and children who laughed and romped and played like all other children in the world.

The women carried the tents and supplies. All were in holiday dress and were filled with one thought,—the great council in which they would take part so soon.

When Onoda and his parents got to the end of their journey, they pitched their tent at some little distance from the council house. It would be rude and impolite to camp too near such an important place.

The other visitors followed the same custom. When all the tents were spread, they stretched in great circles around an open place. In the center of this clearing stood the long bark house where the business of the Five Nations was attended to. It was as important a building in Onoda's eyes as the great marble Capitol at Washington is to his white cousins to-day.

At length everything was ready. The great council fire had been lighted, and now was the time for the different bands to march around it, singing songs of mourning for the dead sachem.

Many beautiful dresses and cloaks could be seen, both on men and women. Onoda's people were noted for the fineness of their work. Such pretty patterns were embroidered with porcupine quills, and the skins

of which the clothing was made were dyed with beautiful bright colors.

The little boy looked proudly at his mother as she stood in the strong firelight. Her moccasins were fairly covered with different colored quills woven in rings and leaves. Her deerskin trousers were also trimmed, but the pattern worked upon the short skirt was what Onoda admired most.

"It looks just as though real flowers were growing there," thought the boy. "Yet they are made out of the quills of the porcupine I killed."

After all the bands had marched around the council fire, there was perfect silence. For now they would listen to a speech about the sachem who had just died.

It was a beautiful talk that Onoda heard that morning. As he listened, the tree tops swayed gently overhead, and the sunbeams danced here and there over the bright dresses and earnest faces of the people.

It was a talk about the good deeds the sachem had done, of his bravery, his love of truth and honesty. It told of his wisdom in guiding the people and of his kindness to his old parents. Onoda said to himself as he listened:

"I will try to be braver and more thoughtful than I have ever been before. I will not forget what I have heard this morning."

When the talk was ended, the time had come for choosing a new sachem. Many speeches were made and many songs were sung before this important business was settled. Old laws were recited at this time. They could not be read from a book. Although the Five Nations were wiser than most of their red brothers, yet they had no means of writing what they knew.

They had a curious way, however, of helping themselves to remember what they wished. A certain wise man was chosen as the "Keeper of the Wampum." He must learn the laws, and other important business of the people, by reciting them over and over with the help of the beads in special belts of wampum. This wampum, which was so precious in the eyes of Onoda's people, was made of a certain kind of fresh-water shell. It was strung on strings of deerskin and made into belts.

The "Keeper of the Wampum" could remember any special thing by the way in which the beads were arranged upon the belt. As he recited, his hands moved along the chain, and it really seemed as though he were reading from it.

Wampum was used for many other purposes, also. No important business could be settled without the use of a belt of the precious shells. If wampum was given with a promise, it made that promise sacred. No one who held it at the time would dare to break his word.

When Onoda's friend, Weyo, carried his message from village to village, he took a belt of wampum with him. He did not need to speak; the belt told its own story. It said as plainly as words:

"A sachem is dead. A council is needed." It also gave the time and place of meeting.

Before the new sachem was chosen at the council, the laws of the people were read from belts of wampum, as you have been told. Besides this, some one repeated the wise words of the one who had banded these tribes together. He had given noble advice, for he had solemnly said:

"Plant a tree with four branches. Let one branch point to the north, the second to the east, the third to the south, and the fourth to the west. The rulers of the people must sit down under this tree in perfect agreement. If they do this, the power of the 'People of the Long House' will be as great and strong as the oak; no storm nor trouble can destroy it."

These were wise words, and it was a wise man who had first spoken them. It was easy to understand what he meant. The tree with its branches was the emblem of the people, and the sachems gathered under its shade made a picture of what those rulers must always do,—they must agree amongst themselves if they would keep their country strong and united.



A LITTLE MOHAWK

Yes, it was a beautiful lesson, and Onoda was never tired of listening to it.

At last the business of the council was ended and the rest of the time was given up to merrymaking. Feasts were spread by the women, and then came dances and concerts. The air was full of music. At least, that is what Onoda called it.

There were flutes and drums, and queer rattles made of turtle-shells, all sounding together. Besides these, there were strings of smaller rattles worn by many of the brave warriors, which added quite a little to the general noise.

Many songs were sung during the evening. The voices of the women were high and we might not have admired them very much, but Onoda listened to everything with delight.

Nine o'clock, ten o'clock, eleven o'clock came, and still the fun and frolic kept up. It was past midnight before quiet settled down upon this camp where thousands of the red people were gathered together.

The next day there were many games and sports. There were exciting foot races between men of the different tribes. There were trials of skill with bows and arrows, for Onoda's people were noted as archers. There were games of ball for old and young. The ball was a solid knot of wood and the bat had a curved head.

The javelin game was Onoda's favorite. The javelin was a long stick of maple or hickory sharpened at one end. It was thrown at a ring as it rolled on the ground. A player needed to practice a great deal before he could be very skillful. A number of people took part at the same time, and each one had several javelins. All the javelins were kept by the winning side.

It was a lively game. Those who looked on did not always remain quiet, even though they were Indians. As they became excited, they threw their blankets up into the air, and shouted very much like their white brothers.

At twilight on the second day, the great war dance began. Onoda's people had many dances, but this one was their favorite. It was loved by the red men all over this great country, and was always performed by the warriors before starting out on the warpath. It was also given at other times. It was an important part of this great council gathering.

"What should we do without dancing?" Onoda's father often said. "The Great Spirit knew the red men must have amusement, and so He gave us the dance."

"We make it an offering to the Great Spirit, but it is a pleasure for us at the same time." Onoda whispered these words to his mother, as they sat side by side in

the great council house. The building was crowded with those who had come to look on. They were now patiently waiting for the war dance to begin.

"Whoop! whoop!" sounded through the evening air. Everyone looked pleased. It was the war cry from a house near by. It told the people that the dancers were getting ready. They must not become impatient.

"Whoop! whoop! whoop!" It sounded nearer now. The warriors were marching along to the beat of the drum.

There they come! They make a grand sight as they march into the middle of the council house. Hear the clattering of the rattles of deer's hoofs fastened below the men's knees. Don't shudder when you notice the tomahawks and scalping knives they carry. Turn your eyes away from these weapons and look at the beautifully worked belts worn over one shoulder and around the waist. The women who made them must have spent many days braiding them and weaving in the quills.

Now look at the kilts which are embroidered so handsomely. Some of them are fairly loaded with ornaments. But, after all, the gay caps deserve the most attention. The tufts of white feathers fastened in the framework wave and nod at every motion of the body.

The feather in front is longer than the others. It is the plume of an eagle. It is set in a tube, so that it swings round and round.

This is no woman's dance. It is only for those who go to battle and can defend their homes. As the dancers reach the center of the hall, the leader sounds the war-whoop. The whole band give it in return. It is a fearful sound and echoes from every corner. A shiver creeps over us as we listen.

Hark! Four singers begin the war song. The drums beat quickly; the dancers move in perfect time with the song and drum.

They throw themselves about so as to picture the different things done in real war. One man is defending himself; another is attacking an unseen enemy; a third is drawing his bow, while a fourth is about to throw his tomahawk,—and so on. Each dancer is constantly changing his position and making some new movement. The on-lookers eagerly watch them.

After two minutes, the song and dance come to an end. The warriors march around in a circle to the beat of the drum. This gives them a chance to get their breath.

The warwhoop sounds again and a new song and dance begin; and so the evening hours pass quickly by. From time to time, one of the bystanders rises to speak.

The music and dancing stop instantly and everyone turns to listen. Perhaps the speaker repeats some old legend of one of the tribes. Or maybe it is a piece of good advice to all. Very likely it is full of jokes and makes fun of some little weakness of one of the dancers. Then the building resounds with laughter, for the red man loves a good joke and is ever ready to see the funny side of everything.

Anyone who wishes has the right to speak. But if he does so, he must make a present to the dancers when he finishes.

All good things come to an end at last, even a war dance. And so, after two or three hours, the entertainment stopped and the dancers had a chance to rest. They must have been very tired, but they would not have admitted it.

As Onoda shut his eyes for sleep that night, the figures of painted warriors, waving plumes and swinging tomahawks kept dancing before his eyes. When he was almost asleep, he found himself saying:

"My people are rich in dances. We have thirty-two different ones. Perhaps the great feather dance is the most beautiful, but I love the war dance best of all. The songs make me long to be brave, and the movements of the warriors stir my blood." He knew no more till the morning light pressed upon his eyelids

and told him that another day had come for feasting and pleasure.

After several days, the red men grew tired of their holiday. The camp was broken up and the different tribes started on their homeward way. Onoda went back to his usual life in his home by the river.

He fished in his graceful canoe; he hunted the birds and squirrels; he helped his mother make ropes and tubs and barrels out of bark; he made arrowheads of flint; he cut down trees in the forest.

You can hardly say he "cut" them, however. He made great fires at the roots, keeping the ashes cleared away with a stone chisel. It was a rather long way of doing the work, but it was before the coming of the white man, and steel and iron were not known to Onoda and his people.

He had heard it said that the time would arrive when a great white monster would come out of the east to devour his people. But Onoda did not live to see this dreadful day. Neither did he know of the devil servant that would attend the monster, the treacherous fire water, bringing ruin to all who gave it welcome.

No, Onoda lived in a glad time. Nature smiled and gave help to the red boy and his friends.

"Do we need war?" the boy once asked his father.

"No, my son," was the answer. "We will not fight

against any tribe that is willing to join with us. The wise man who first thought of forming our league, hoped that wars would end among the red men. He wished all to join together so that peace might dwell in the land. But no tribes except the Five Nations agree to this, and so our war parties always have work to do in fighting with unfriendly tribes."

The different thanksgiving days were scattered through the year, so Onoda always had something pleasant to look forward to, without waiting a long while.

In the springtime there was the Maple Festival. When the first warm days appeared, the boys eagerly watched the maple trees. They were looking for a sign that the sap had begun to flow. As soon as the discovery was made, all the people of the village got ready for a good time. All other work was stopped and preparations for the festival were begun.

The great feather dance always took place at this time. It was the red men's offering to the Great Spirit for his goodness in giving them the maple. Onoda's mother had once said:

"What should we do, my son, without the sugar we get from our loved tree? It makes our cakes sweet and delicious. We should be thankful for this great gift."

Soon after the Maple Festival there was another holiday. It was the time to place the seeds in the ground.

It was called the Planting Festival. The people thought it was only right to set aside one day in which to thank the Great Spirit for the seeds which grow and ripen into a plentiful harvest and keep them from want during the long, cold winter that follows.

In the autumn there was the Green Corn Festival, when four whole days were given up to feasts and dances. Then there was the Harvest Festival, and later on, when winter came, there was a general jubilee to welcome in the glad New Year.

The boys had a specially good time at New Year's. They were allowed to frolic as much as they wished. More than once, Onoda had joined a "thieving party," for which he and his young friends dressed themselves in rags, painted themselves in a comical manner, and covered their faces with masks. Then they went from house to house, giving a dance at every place where presents were given them and they were kindly received.

But if there were no presents, the boys had the right on New Year's day to take away anything they could get without being discovered. When they had gone the round of the village, they gathered all the presents and stolen articles together. These were exchanged with their parents in such a way as to get everything needed for a feast. The frolic ended with this feast and a dance among the boys.

Yes, Onoda had many pleasures during the year, but there were hard times, too. Game was sometimes scarce during the cold winter months. More than once, wild animals discovered the stores of corn hidden in the underground pits and there was great loss before they were killed or driven off.

Sometimes Onoda went bear hunting over the crusted snow fields with his father. At such times, he wore his snowshoes, for he could travel much faster with these on his feet. He did not sink into the soft places, while the heavy feet of a bear would slip or fall through.

"Don't call it hard work, though," Onoda would say. "It is great sport and I love it."

He was a brave boy and ready for any adventure. The sound of the warwhoop was pleasing to him, for he had been taught to enjoy it. But he was a tender-hearted little fellow, after all.

He liked to lie on the ground in the starlight on summer evenings and think of the wonders of earth and sky. The beautiful moon and the stars,—how did they come, so far up in the heavens? He had heard many stories about them.

One of these was the story of the Pleiades. There are seven stars close together. Once upon a time their place in the heavens was empty. But down on the earth there were seven happy little Indian boys. They

were great friends and always played together. They met every evening and feasted and danced. They ate their corn and beans first. After that, one of the children stood on a little mound and sang while the others danced around him.

One evening they agreed to have a grander feast than usual, and each was to bring something for it. But their parents did not agree to this, and they were quite sorrowful when they met together.

However, one little boy took his place on the mound as usual and began to sing. The others arranged themselves around him and commenced the dance. Then a strange thing happened. As they forgot their disappointment, the children began to feel lighter and lighter. They no longer touched the ground; they rose higher and higher in the air. They did not stop until they reached the very heavens, where they were changed into the seven little stars we call the Pleiades. Ever since that time, they have shed their soft light on the earth.

But one of these stars is very pale; it is much dimmer than the others. It is the little singer, who is homesick for his old place on the earth.

"Poor little fellow," thinks Onoda. "The sky must be a beautiful dwelling place, but I do not wonder the boy wishes to be with his father and mother once more."

Nahdin, the Little Chippewa

FOREWORD

WISE men who have studied the Red Race have divided it into different families or groups. The Powhatans in Virginia and the Wampanoags of New England belonged to the Algonkin family. But the Chippewas, or Ojibways, are perhaps the best example of the Algonkins.

When the French first came to Canada, they made friends with the Chippewas. For more than two hundred years this friendship was not broken.

The Chippewas lived in a land of lakes and forests, so it is no wonder they were noted for their fine canoes and the way they managed them.

Longfellow's beautiful poem of "Hiawatha" tells of the life of the Chippewas on the south shore of Lake Superior. Henry R. Schoolcraft, who wrote the song of Shingebiss in the "Little Chippewa," married an Indian maiden of that tribe. She was both bright and beautiful. Here is a little poem she wrote in the English language:

"TO A BIRD SEEN UNDER MY WINDOW IN THE GARDEN.

"Sweet little bird, thy notes prolong,
And ease my lonely, pensive hours;
I love to list thy cheerful song,
And hear thee chirp beneath the flowers.

"The time allowed for pleasures sweet,
To thee is short as it is bright,
Then sing! rejoice! before it fleet,
And cheer me ere you take your flight."

Nahdin, the Little Chippewa

“COME, Nahdin, join with us in the dance,” cried the other children.

It was a clear and beautiful night. Many of the older people sat in the doorways of the lodges, smoking, laughing and story-telling, while the children played around their homes.

The air outside was filled with fireflies, flitting about in gay companies.

“They are like fairies,” thought Nahdin, who sat watching them.

But again came the cry of his playmates: “Come, Nahdin, join with us in a song and dance to the pretty firebugs.”

At this second call, the little boy got up and was soon dancing as wildly as any of the others. Round and round, now in one direction, and now in another, moved the merry children.

“Waw wau tay see! Waw wau tay see!” they called again and again.

In our language, these words would mean: "Flitting white firebug! Flitting white firebug!" As they danced, they made up a sort of song, or chant.

At last, they sank down on the grass, quite out of breath. While they sat resting, they began to talk among themselves of the fairies,—those wonderful creatures who dwelt in the caves and the groves around the waterfalls, and in the streams.

"We cannot see them," said Nahdin, "but there may be fairies in the air around us at this very minute. Perhaps they are listening to us as we talk."

The very thought made the children become quiet, and when they were quite still, their eyelids began to droop, for the fairy Sleep was even now working her charm upon them.

One by one, they bade each other good-night and went to their lodges. Nahdin was soon stretched out on his own bed of mats and cedar bushes, and singing softly to himself. That was the last he knew till the bright sunlight came streaming through the doorway.

The boy's breakfast of rice-cakes sweetened with maple sugar was soon eaten, and he started to join his companions in a boat race on Lake Michigan, for their village stood on the shore of that great sheet of water.

His boat was really beautiful. No tribe of the red men knew how to make finer or more graceful canoes

than the Chippewas, or Ojibways, as they were sometimes called. Nahdin's father had gone into the forest with his son, and after looking around for some time, had chosen a certain birch tree.

"It is good," said the man. "It will do finely."

He stripped off the bark with great care and cut it into the shape needed for the boat. The ends were brought close together and sewed so nicely by Nahdin's mother as to make it perfectly water-tight. It floated on the lake as lightly as a cork.

Nahdin loved the water. He could swim long distances without getting tired. He could not remember when it was that he had first learned to be at home in the water.

"It seems as though I could always swim," he would tell you.

On the morning of the race, twenty boys took part. Each had his own canoe. The long line of boats moving over the sparkling water made a pretty sight. On they went, faster and faster, each boy paddling with all his might. The boats seemed almost alive as they sprang forward from the strong strokes of the paddles. They seemed barely to touch the water.

On, on! Nahdin, you are ahead of all the rest, but they are gaining on you. On! on! Do not turn your

head to right or left. Keep up your courage and you will win.

And he did win. With each stroke of his paddle he gained new strength of will until, at the end of the race, he shot ahead of the others and reached the goal a proud and happy boy.

What was Nahdin's sister, Woman-of-the-River, doing this morning? She, too, was paddling a canoe, but not here on the lake. She had told her mother of a marshy stream, not far from home, where the wild rice was growing. The stalks were quite tall now, and the grain was fully ripe. It certainly ought to be gathered.

And so the little girl had gone with her mother to gather this odd harvest. It was not easy work to make their way with the boat through the high grass of the marsh. But they must get the precious grain waving on every side. And it was real fun to gather it, for they simply pulled the stalks toward them and shook the heads of rice into the boat. It was not long before piles of the grain were heaped about the feet of Woman-of-the-River. She laughed with delight as they rose higher and higher.

"You cannot see my feet now, guh," she said. (Guh was her word for mother.) "Oh, it is fun to gather in the harvest."

"Keep still, my daughter," answered her mother, who seldom spoke the real names of her children; they were too sacred. "Keep still, for our boat is nearly loaded, and we should not like to lose all this good rice."

When Nahdin came home and told of his success, he brought something to please his mother. It was a string of whitefish he had caught in the lake after the race. They were soon broiling over the hot coals, and made a delicate dish to add to the supper.

What did the children have to drink at mealtime? There was no milk, for the people owned neither cows nor goats. There was no tea, nor coffee, nor cocoa. All these things were unheard of by the red people. Fresh cold water was all they ever drank, morning, noon or night, until the white men came among them. They brought what the red people called fire-water.

Alas! it was a sad day for Nahdin's race when they first tasted *that*.

It pleased them so much that one drink was not enough,—no, nor two, nor three. Then, when their reason was made dull and heavy, it was an easy matter for the newcomers to cheat and conquer them.

There is said to be an Eastern proverb that runs something like this:

Listen now, my children, to the wisdom of Japan:
First, the man takes a drink,

Then, the drink takes a drink,

Then, the drink takes the man.

This was the story of many a poor Indian, as well as of whole tribes.

It was the fresh cold water he drank, as well as his outdoor life, that helped to make Nahdin such a strong boy. No nightmare ever disturbed his quiet sleep. No nervous trembling kept him from shooting straight at the mark. He had never yet had a sick day in his life.

"Some of the young men are going on the warpath," whispered Woman-of-the-River when the children had finished their supper. "Spot-in-the-Sky blackened his face to-day, and would not eat anything his mother set before him. He has gone outside the village and built a little lodge. There he has stayed all this afternoon. Several other young men have already joined him."

"In what direction did he go?" asked Nahdin.

"Over there." Woman-of-the-River pointed to the west.

Her brother jumped up and was soon bounding towards the place where the warrior had gone. When he had come quite near, he lay down in the grass and watched to see what other young men would come to join the war party.

He knew well what was taking place inside the hut. Each one who entered would step up to a belt of wampum

hanging in the middle of the wigwam. He would solemnly draw it through his hands. Then he would quietly sit down crosslegged, as was the fashion of all red men, and begin to smoke. He thought the Great Father liked to see his children smoke, and would send them advice at such times. Now He would give them some sign whether it was wise or not to go to war.

Day by day the party of young men grew larger. Each time they met here in the lonely lodge they smoked together and told of their dreams.

Nahdin could think of nothing but the expected war party. Oh, if he were only old enough to join it, and meet danger face to face!

But perhaps the dreams of the young men might not promise success. If the signs were against them, they would not start on the warpath for the present. They would put off their undertaking awhile, hoping the signs would be in their favor by and by.

Everything went well, however, and the word passed around the village that the party was about to set out. The young men gathered for the last time at their leader's lodge, where they beat the drum and prayed to the Great Spirit that he would bless them with success.

The Medicine Bag was given into the charge of the most trusted one of the party. The men would not think of going without this precious thing. It would save

them from danger and death, and give them victory. Dear little ignorant Nahdin believed this, for all his people did.

The Medicine Bag! It had wonderful powers. It could cure sickness and cause the death of enemies. It brought rain in a dry time, and stopped the rain when there was more than enough,—that is, it did if they kept working it and praying to it long enough so that the rain was about over anyway. What could it not do?

It was made of the skin of some animal and contained bones and little images and various herbs. But Nahdin had never looked inside; he would not have dared. If he only went to the doorway of the Medicine Man's lodge, he felt so awed he could hardly speak and tell his errand. The great man who lived within was not only the priest, but also the physician of his people. He could charm away the bad spirits that were the cause of sickness.

"He is very, very wise," thought Nahdin. "Why, he has spent his whole life learning how to master the evil spirits."

Of course, there was a war dance before the young men started out. The whole village gathered to see it. It was much like the war dance of other tribes. The warriors threw their bodies into all sorts of fierce positions, as though they were shooting and scalping, creeping upon their foes, striking with their spears. Again and

again, the dreadful warwhoop sounded through the air and came back in long-drawn-out echoes.

At last, the moment came for starting, and the warriors in single file moved softly away into the distance.

Would they succeed? Would they all come back safe and unharmed? How many of the scalps of their enemies would they bring back with them? These were some of the questions Nahdin asked himself as the party disappeared from sight and he turned back to his home.

"I will write a letter to my friend who lives in the village south of us," he said. "I will tell him all about the war party and the number of young men who are in it and where they have gone."

Nahdin was fond of writing letters, but his way was not like ours. He drew a number of pictures on a strip of birch bark and, though they would not mean very much to us, they told his friend a long story.

The letter was sent, and Nahdin soon had another in reply. He studied it carefully. When he had finished he went into his lodge and told the news to his mother.

"Our friends have been troubled by the wolves," he said. "The creatures were very daring. They came so close to the village at night and howled so loud the people could scarcely sleep.

"They made up their minds to set a trap for the wolves. Just at nightfall they left the village and went

out upon the prairie. They set the grass on fire in a ring and then, with wild shouts, drove the wolves inside the circle of flames. Whiz! flew their arrows right and left, and in a short time the ground was covered with the dead bodies of the fierce but cowardly brutes. The fire had given them all the help they needed, and it was now put out very easily."

It took only a few roughly drawn pictures to tell this long story to Nahdin.

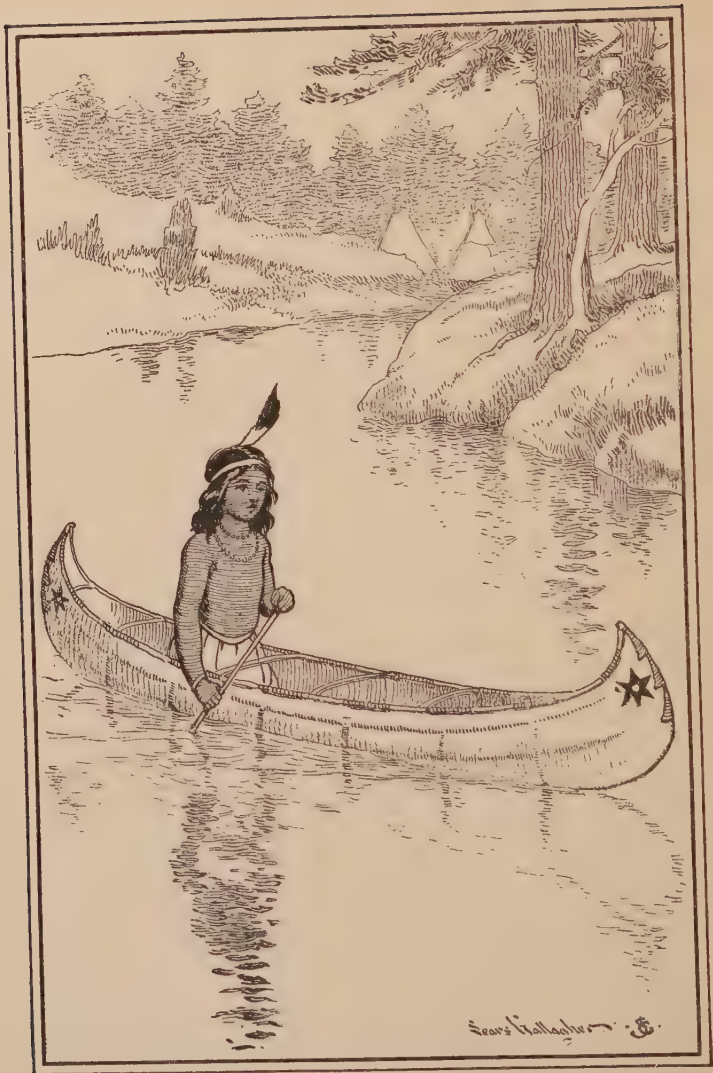
That afternoon the little red boy was sitting with his playmates in front of the door of his lodge when an old man drew near. He was leaning on a staff, for he was quite feeble. But his eyes were keen and bright, and he looked kindly at the children.

"Oh, do tell us a story," they begged. "We love your stories dearly." And they made him a place in their midst and gathered closely around him.

"A story? Well, well, let me see. I hope you are all good children, ready to run errands for your parents, and not silly and vain, like the hare I once heard of."

"Oh, yes, yes," cried all but one boy, who was not as obedient as most red children. He turned away his head as the old man looked at him with his keen eyes and then went on:

"Perhaps you would like to hear about this silly animal, and what became of her?"



A LITTLE CHIPPEWA

"Do tell it," said Nahdin; but the boy who had turned away his head kept silent.

"Once upon a time a young hare was wandering about in the woods, when she saw a lynx beneath the rock where she happened to be standing. The lynx cried out:

"'Come down here, my dear little white friend. I have something to say to you, and you are too far away for us to talk easily together.'

"'No, no, I will not come,' answered the hare. 'My mother has forbidden my going to strangers. Besides, I am afraid of you.'

"'Afraid of me, my pretty one! Why, I am a relation of yours. I want to send a message to your lodge.'

"The poor, vain hare was soon in the clutches of the lynx, which speedily devoured her.

"So, my children, when you think of disobeying your parents, remember the little hare whose head was so easily turned."

The old man gently smiled and became silent.

"Please tell us another story," said one of the children. "Make it a long one this time, unless you are too tired."

Just then Nahdin's mother stepped out from the lodge and invited the visitor to come in and eat some soup she had been preparing for him. Like all the rest of her race, she was very hospitable. She felt it would not be polite

to let this old man go away without giving him some refreshing food.

When the soup had been eaten, her visitor once more took his seat in the doorway, and the waiting children became silent. The promised story would be told now.

"My children," said the old man, "there was once a very brave little duck called Shingebiss. He lived all alone in a tiny lodge by the shores of a deep lake. It was one of the coldest of winters, and the waters of the lake were frozen over with ice.

"Yet Shingebiss feared nothing. He had four logs with which to warm his lodge. As there were only four months of very cold weather, he knew he could keep warm, for each log would certainly burn a month.

"Every morning, however hard the wind might blow, the little duck went forth from his lodge and out upon the frozen lake. He searched for the places where the flags and rushes reached up through the ice. Pulling these out with his strong bill, he dived for fish, and soon had a long string of them to carry home.

"So he did not suffer from want of food or fire.

"Now, the fierce North West watched the brave Shingebiss. He got angry because the little duck did not mind the cold blasts he sent sweeping over the lake and around the lodge.

"'Why!' said he, 'is it possible he pays no attention to

such a powerful being as I am? I will see about this at once. He has no right to be so happy!’

“So he sent stronger and stronger blasts and larger and larger drifts of snow around the home of Shingebiss. It seemed as if no one could bear them. Yet the little duck kept on in the same manner as before. Every morning he went out upon the frozen lake, pulled up the rushes and flags, dived for the fish, and took home a long string of them. No one would have believed he even noticed what the North West was doing.

“He put on no more clothing than usual. Indeed, he wore only a strip of leather about his body. He went to the lake every day and still managed to find places where he could pull up the rushes and make openings where he could catch fish.

“‘This will never do,’ said the North West, who was more provoked than ever. ‘If my blasts are not strong enough to master him, I will visit his home myself. We will see what will happen then!’

“Nearer and nearer came the terrible North West. At last he stood at Shingebiss’ doorway. But the little duck did not even seem to notice him, though he knew he must be close by, because of the biting air that crept in through the cracks. He only stirred the log in the fireplace till the flames leaped and danced; and at the same time he sang these words:

“Ka	Neej	Ka	Neej
Be	In	Be	In
Bon	In	Bon	In
Oc	Ee	Oc	Ee
Ca	We-ya!	Ca	We-ya!’

The old man’s voice was weak at first, but before he finished it seemed to the children as though they could hear the voice of the brave Shingebiss himself.

The number of words in this song are few and simple, meaning, just as they stand:

Spirit of the North West,
You are but my fellow man!

But it makes a great difference how they are said, or sung. As Shingebiss sang them, and as the North West understood them, they meant:

Windy god, I know your plan,
You are but my fellow man.
Blow you may your coldest breeze,
Shingebiss you cannot freeze;
Sweep the strongest wind you can,
Shingebiss is still your man.
Heigh! for life—and ho! for bliss,
Who so free as Shingebiss?

The old man continued:

“The North West did not remain outside. Oh, no; he soon entered the lodge and seated himself by the fireside.

"But still Shingebiss did not seem to notice him. He only stirred the fire and kept on singing:

"Ka Neej Ka Neej
Be In Be In!"

"And how did the fierce North West feel? The water began to run in streams down his face, and he said to himself:

"I cannot stand this—I must go out."

"At last, when he felt himself growing weak from the heat, he rose to leave, but he was still determined to master Shingebiss. When he was once more outside, he sent stronger blasts than ever over the country. He thickened the ice of the lake so it seemed impossible for anyone to break it.

"Still Shingebiss found means to pull up new roots and dive under for fish, and every day he sat by his warm fireplace and ate and sang.

"At last the North West was compelled to give up the contest.

"He must be aided by some good spirit," said he. "I can neither freeze him nor starve him. He is a very singular being. I will let him alone."

"The brave little Shingebiss!" cried Nahdin. "He was without fear; that is why nothing could harm him. I hope I shall meet him in my dreams. He will give me courage."

As the old man rose to go home, two of the boys took hold of his arms, saying:

"You have no need of your staff now; we will help you to your lodge."

The other children thanked him for his good stories and went to their homes, for the smoke was rising from the different lodges and telling as well as any supper bell that their evening meal was nearly ready.

Weeks passed by. The war party had long since come home, with one of their number missing. He had fallen in the country of his enemies with an arrow through his heart. Of the scalps that had been taken, I know you will not wish to hear.

We will turn instead to the early days of winter, when the land was covered with sheets of glistening snow. A hard crust had formed, and men were busy repairing their snowshoes and making ready for the chase.

Nahdin was as busy as the older people. He was going on the hunt as well as they, and he felt proud and glad.

Did you ever see any real snowshoes? They are not at all hard to make. Nahdin made a framework of small sticks, over which he spread a network of narrow strips of deerskin. There! one snowshoe was done; now for the other.

When he had strapped these broad, flat shoes to the soles of his moccasins, he could skim over the snow with

great speed, and easily overtake his prey. This was the time of year to hunt the deer and the raccoon, or 'coon, as we usually call it, besides many other wild creatures.

"But first we must have the snowshoe dance," cried one of the hunters.

"Yes, yes, by all means," said the Medicine Man. "No dance is so beautiful as that. Besides, we must have it in gratitude to the Great Spirit. He has sent the snow that we may hunt more easily."

All the hunters were ready to join in the graceful dance. Their faces were painted, their heads decorated with feathers, and the snowshoes were bound tightly to their feet. For the dancing would, of course, be done upon Nature's carpet of shining snow.

The ballroom was the broad stretch of prairie behind the village. The clear, fresh air of winter made everyone feel a joy in motion. It was a beautiful sight.

Before the winter was over, Nahdin had brought in many a deer and partridge. Squirrels and raccoons and rabbits he found easy prey for his swift arrow. He had learned the ways of the beavers and had destroyed many of their homes, built so cleverly under the waters of the lake. He had trapped more than one of these wise little creatures and proudly brought the skins to his mother, saying:

"Now, guh, you will soon have enough fur to make my

father a warm cloak." And his mother would answer:

"My son, you will make a good hunter, and I am proud to be your mother."

Bad days came sometimes when there was no food in the house and Nahdin's father invited his friends to smoking parties instead of feasts. For, if they could not eat, they could at least smoke together and forget their empty stomachs. It was never the habit of the Chipewewa, or any other red man, to worry or complain.

The bad days passed by and good ones took their places. Nahdin and his people laughed and danced, sang and feasted, while they could, saying to each other:

"When he leaves this earth the red man will be rewarded in the Happy Hunting Grounds, where he will never want for food, and there will be an end of sickness and trouble."

Grey Eagle, the Little Sioux

FOREWORD

LET us go back to a time when the Great Plains in the western part of our country were untrodden by white men. In those days great herds of buffaloes roamed over the land. Tribes of fierce red men moved from place to place in search of prey, for they lived almost entirely on the flesh of the buffalo.

One of the most powerful of these tribes was the Sioux, or Dakotas, as they called themselves. They were daring and cruel in their nature. For one hundred and eighty years they kept up a war against the Chippewas. They fought savagely against the white men who ventured out on the plains. But they were conquered at last.

Those who are left are forced to live on a small part of the land they once roamed over in perfect freedom. Indian agents dole out to them whatever food and clothing they need.

They are the largest tribe of Indians now under the care of the government of the United States.



Grey Eagle, the Little Sioux

“**L**OOK! look!” cried Grey Eagle. “They are coming, Little Rabbit. I am sure of it.”

Nearly everyone in the camp, except these two boys and their mother, had been away all day on the buffalo hunt. For the women were useful in taking off the hides and cutting up the meat after the men had killed the animals.

The children, too, were helpful in loading the horses and getting ready for the homeward journey.

“What makes you so sure they are coming?” asked Little Rabbit. “I see only a dark speck in the distance. Perhaps it is a wolf creeping out of the woods; or, worse still, it may be a grizzly which will attack the camp while the men are away.”

Little Rabbit shivered. It was plain to see he did not have the heart of an Indian. He was a child of the “pale-faces,” as the red men sometimes called the white people, and had been captured nearly two years ago. Grey Eagle had lost a brother about that time and his parents adopted Little Rabbit, as they now called him.

"Use your eyes better," said Grey Eagle. "Don't you see it is a moving line, and that it is coming out of the very opening through which the hunters went this morning? You must not be so easily scared, Little Rabbit. Don't *think* of bad things and you won't be harmed. Be brave, be brave, little brother, and you will make every creature fear you."

"I'll try my best, Grey Eagle, but I can't learn all at once, you know. You have been taught ever since you were born. You told me that even when you were a baby your mother's songs were about battles and fights with wild animals. You are used to this life, and if a bear should come up behind us this very moment, I don't believe you would start."

"I hope not."

The young Indian drew himself up proudly as he spoke.

"I'm going to meet the hunting party now," he went on. He moved toward the entrance of the buffalo-skin tepee and pulled aside the flap which served as a door.

"Mother, they are on the way home. Listen, you can hear them calling now. By the time supper is ready they will reach the camp. I will go to meet them."

"Take your bow and arrow, my son, for it is growing dark, and the grey wolf may be abroad."

The fine-looking woman went on with her work of

preparing the evening meal. Grey Eagle, taking down his loved bow, darted out of the lodge. He was soon lost in the gathering darkness.

A half-hour afterwards, the camp which had been so quiet all day was noisy. Fires were burning here and there in front of the tents, and women were busily engaged cooking savory dishes; the men were telling of the great success of the hunt, while the children listened with eager ears to the tales of daring.

The hunters had stolen quietly upon a large herd of buffaloes, and taken them by surprise.

"It was larger than we have seen for many a year," said one of the men. "It made me think of the times of my childhood. It was a common sight then to see a herd so great that it looked like a solid mass stretching over the plains into the distance. There were thousands of the buffaloes together, in those good old days,—the life of an Indian was happy and rich with good living. But the white men have changed the world for us, and I hate to think of them."

"Turn your thoughts to the supply of food you have brought home with you to-night. Leave the rest to the war council that will come later," replied an old Indian with white hair. "This is a time for rejoicing, my friend. Let us have songs and stories beneath the light

of the glorious stars that mark the pathway of our brave hunters when they leave this earth."

The old man pointed to the Milky Way which already showed plainly in the heavens.

The supper was now spread before the tired and hungry men. There were dishes of wild sweet potatoes; there was roasted meat, prepared from the flesh of the buffalo; there were berries the children had gathered; there was bread made of rice flour.

"My mother is a fine cook," Grey Eagle said to Little Rabbit as the two boys sat eating. "She knows how to make many good things. There is not an eatable root she cannot prepare, and she makes the finest cakes of rice flour and maple sugar that anyone could wish."

Here he stopped to pat his pet fawn that had crept up beside him.

"Pretty little brown eyes," he whispered. "I love you better every day. The time must never come when you shall be killed, even if there is a famine."

"I think I am fonder of the fawn than of our tame squirrels," said Little Rabbit. "I helped catch her, you know."

"Yes, you did very well that day," replied his red brother. "You are learning our ways fast. You made the doe-call as well as I could myself. Wasn't it exciting as we watched the fawn and its mother come nearer and

nearer? They had no thought of danger; they were charmed by the sound. A moment afterward, I had the doe safe in my lasso. How frightened she was, as she lay bound and helpless. I couldn't help pitying her."

"It was easy enough for me to catch the young fawn then," said Little Rabbit. "At first it was timid and scared, but it soon learned to love and follow us. How I like this life among the woods and prairies!"

Little Rabbit looked over at the great mountains in the distance. He was not thinking of grizzlies or panthers now. The fresh air caught his long hair and blew it about his tanned and painted face. One could hardly have told him from the Indian boy beside him if it had not been for the color of his hair. The children of the red people have hair that is black as jet, while his was yellow as gold.

"Listen! The men are telling of the hunt," whispered Grey Eagle, and the two boys stretched themselves out on the ground.

It had been easy work to creep up close to the herd of buffaloes. Whiz! whiz! flew the arrows at a sign from the chief. The great creatures, taken by surprise, fled right and left in fright. The ground shook under their tread. Now was the time of danger, for the men might easily be trampled under their feet, unless they kept

a sharp lookout. One of the buffaloes, maddened by an arrow that had entered its side, charged straight at the man who was telling the story. His black horns looked wicked as they were lowered, and his feet pawed the earth so that the dust dimmed the hunter's sight.

There was not a second to lose. The man sprang toward him, plunging his spear into the animal's throat. At the same moment, at least ten arrows were sent into the body by others of the party. With a mighty bellow the creature fell helpless at the hunter's feet. The victory was with the men and a prize had been won.

"It was nobly done," said one of the oldest hunters. "Red Plume has shown such courage that he has now the right to go awooing. He has already proved his bravery on the warpath."

What did he mean? No young man among the Dakotas was considered suitable as a husband until he had proved his courage. He must first show himself able to defend his home and provide food for his family.

The hunt was by no means over with the killing of this first buffalo. Others of the party had followed the herd on horseback in hot chase. It seemed as though the horses were as eager as their masters. They needed no urging as they dashed here and there through the mass of excited animals.

Before the day was ended six buffaloes had been killed,

and the camp would not suffer for good meat for some time to come.

"That was a fine shot of yours, Blue Mountain," said one of the hunters, as he turned to the friend beside him. "Your arrow went straight through the body of the buffalo you killed. No wonder we Dakotas are called 'Those of the Strong Bow.' The rifle of the white man could not do as well as that."

"There goes poor Five Stars," said Little Rabbit, as the men finished talking and the people began to move toward their own tents for the night's sleep. "It makes me feel sad when I look at her."

Five Stars was a handsome young woman who had lost her only child a short time before. It was a baby but two months old, and now she was never seen without the baby's cradle strapped upon her back.

But there was no little red face in it to smile a welcome to its best friend; no small voice to coo to the mother while she worked! The cradle was filled with black feathers, and the lonely woman carried it with her wherever she went. It was a sign to all that she was mourning for her darling child. Even now she was talking to her little one as though it were in the cradle on her back.

"I am going to write the story of my life," thought Grey Eagle, as he lay stretched upon his buffalo skin that night. "Of course, there must be noble deeds to

picture, or it will not be worth anything. There is nothing so precious to my father as the story of my grandfather's life which is all told on the buffalo skin he cares for so tenderly. Every scalp he has taken is shown there, every fierce animal he has killed, every battle he has fought, as well as the number of his children and the places where he has lived."

It was a queer record of which Grey Eagle was thinking, and it was the story of a wonderful life, full of deeds of daring.

It had no words of long syllables over which the boy might stumble. Even while a baby toddling about, he learned to read in it, for it was made of pictures that he could understand very easily. Little Rabbit, even now, did not know half of the story. His eyes were not as keen as his Indian brother's, and yet he had daily lessons in the study of the trees and flowers, the birds and insects,—in fact, every living thing around him.

Whoop! whoop! sounded in Little Rabbit's ears before daylight next morning. He did not stop to yawn or rub his eyes, but sprang to the ground with a scream of fright.

Grey Eagle stood beside him, his sides shaking with laughter.

"I gave the warwhoop pretty well, didn't I," he said, "But really, Little Rabbit, you must get used to such

things if you wish to be a brave warrior. What would you do if we were really surprised by the enemy? Father has trained me now so I am not startled by any sound. Still, I know how you feel. It isn't a bit pleasant."

Grey Eagle tenderly rested his arm on Little Rabbit's shoulder. He had grown to love the white boy like a real brother.

"Come, now, let us take care of our pets, so when breakfast is eaten we can start on our day's fun."

There were several of these pets. There were the ponies, first of all; they must never be neglected.

If you should see Grey Eagle racing bareback over the fields, you would wonder how he managed to make his pony obey him so well. He often carried no whip. By the sound of his voice and the manner in which he pressed his legs against the animal's sides, the wise little creature would turn to right or left, go fast or slow, wheel completely around,—do anything, in fact, his young master desired.

After the ponies had been watered, the dogs and squirrels received attention. The dogs were to go into the woods to-day with the boys; they would help in the hunt for game.

Before Little Rabbit came, Grey Eagle would often go away for the whole day with no other company than

his dog. There was so much to see and hear in the woods and fields.

When night came and he returned to the camp, he would have a great deal to tell about,—the songs of birds he had never heard before, uncommon trees, the bark and leaves of which he would describe, or the finding of wild-bees' nests and stores of delicious honey. And his patient father would answer all his questions and add to his knowledge of the wonderful world around him.

And now he must teach his white brother. He showed Little Rabbit how to tell the direction even in the midst of the dark forest, for the north side of the trees was always the barest, while on the south side the leaves grew most thickly.

He taught him to look for signs of the fierce grizzly,—the places on the tree trunks where the bears scratched their backs and wore away the bark. There were so many things to be carefully noticed, that there is not time here to tell all Little Rabbit learned in a single day.

The two boys always carried their bows and arrows ready in case of surprise. Grey Eagle had spent a long time in making his own bow. It was inlaid with porcupine quills and the pattern was very beautiful. He had put so much work into it, he had a right to feel proud when he looked at it.

His moccasins were also worked with porcupine quills,

but his mother had made these, as well as all of the rest of his clothing and his father's. She had never yet used beads in her fine embroidery. She said:

"Others of my tribe may get beads from the white people, if they choose; I will still use the quills that were fine enough for my grandmother and her grandmother."

"Listen, Little Rabbit," whispered Grey Eagle suddenly. "Do you hear that bird calling to its mate? It is in the branch right over our heads. There it is again! I can't tell what kind of a bird it is. It has a strange note. The nest must be up there. I'll soon find out."

Quick as a flash, Grey Eagle had climbed the tree and was down on the ground a moment afterward with the nest in his hand. There were three eggs in it. The parent birds were flying about overhead in great distress.

"No, I don't know any better now. I'll take the nest home and ask father about it to-night."

Grey Eagle did not seem to be troubled about the loss to the birds. He had been taught that it is wrong to kill wild animals except when they are needed as food; but robbing birds' nests had never been forbidden.

The boys went on their way and before long had a good-sized bag of game. They had shot two wild ducks, four squirrels and a number of small birds.

"Stop, Little Rabbit, how blind you are! Don't you

see that mark on the ground?" exclaimed the Indian boy.

Grey Eagle was kneeling down and studying something Little Rabbit had not noticed.

"Without doubt, it is the print of a moccasin. At first, I thought it could not belong to our people, but now I see it is of the right shape. We need not run home for fear an enemy is near, after all."

No two Indian tribes have moccasins of exactly the same shape, and Grey Eagle's eyes had been trained to notice the difference.

"Let us make a fire and cook some of our birds," said Little Rabbit.

He had learned to be satisfied with two meals a day, one in the morning and one at night, but the long tramp in the woods had made him hungry.

It was some time before a spark could be struck, but at last the fire was blazing brightly. The boys had found a clearing near a spring of water. It was just the place for a picnic dinner. The birds were buried, feathers and all, in the hot ashes. It needed only a few minutes to cook them, and in that time enough ripe berries had been gathered to make a delicious dessert.

When the birds were drawn out of the ashes, they did not look very inviting. But after the skin and feathers had been pulled off, they made a feast fit for an Indian chief, as well as for two hungry little boys.



A LITTLE SIOUX

"I can't remember when I had my first bow and arrows given me," said Grey Eagle, as the boys sat eating and talking. "It must have been a tiny little thing, but mother says I could shoot with it before I was three years old. I was so proud of the first bird I killed, I brought it home to father with the arrow sticking in it. That arrow showed that it was my shot and my prize. I know father was proud, too, I was so little. I remember what he said:

"My son, this is the best you can do now, and it is very well done, too. But the time will come when I shall not be satisfied unless you can show me the sign of a coup in your headdress."

"He meant an eagle's feather, didn't he?" said Little Rabbit.

"Yes, and I am longing with all my heart for the day when I can win the first one."

Little Rabbit looked up at him admiringly. Grey Eagle had spoken of the greatest possible act of bravery.

When a Sioux counts a coup, it is because he can say:

"I have dared to touch a living enemy."

It is not enough to strike, or even kill, the foe. A coup is not won as easily as that. The Sioux must be able to say:

"I touched a living enemy with my own hand, and while he was able to kill me."

It is harder to do, and requires more courage, by far, than mere killing. Suppose the Sioux did not touch his enemy until after he was wounded? He could still count a coup, for he knows that a wounded foe is made fiercer because of his pain. Therefore, it is only a brave man who dares to come close to his enemy.

The men of Grey Eagle's tribe try again and again to win this honor in battle. The greatest warrior is the one who can count the largest number of coups.

When the boys reached home that night, they found a fine supper of boiled buffalo meat ready for them.

How had the Indian women cooked it? They had first carefully taken off the skin and cleaned it, for it would be used again. In the next place, a large, rounded hole was dug in the earth and lined with the skin, which was then filled with water. Stones were heated red hot in a fire near by, and were then dropped into the water. It was soon boiling. The meat was placed inside. By adding more hot stones from time to time, the water was kept at a boiling heat, and the great piece of meat was thoroughly cooked.

This was only one of the ways in which these people of the wild west prepared their dinner. The pieces of meat were often broiled over the wood fires or roasted in the hot ashes, but to-day the women had chosen to have a boiled dinner, as you might call it.

"There goes Red Plume; doesn't he look fine, Little Rabbit?" said Grey Eagle, as the sun was sinking behind the hills. "See, the new moon is in the heavens. It is a good time and I wish him success."

Red Plume must have spent a long time in dressing himself this evening. His hair was smooth and glossy, as it hung in long braids down his back. He had greased it well with bear's fat, which his people use so freely. Besides, it was adorned with the feathers of an eagle. He had a right to wear them, for he had shown his strength and courage on the warpath and his skill in the hunt.

He wore his best moccasins and leggings, which his patient mother had spent many days in embroidering. A long buffalo-robe was wrapped around his shoulders. He was the very picture of all that might win the heart of an Indian maiden. No doubt he would succeed in his suit.

The drums had begun to beat, and some of the men had just commenced a favorite dance, when a horse and rider drew up in front of the camp.

The visitor offered a bundle of tobacco to the chief. Everyone knew at once what was meant. It was an invitation to a Midsummer Feast with another band of their own tribe who were camped about twenty miles away.

Grey Eagle was filled with delight. He listened eagerly to what the men were saying after the horseman had ridden off. He had carried invitations to three other bands that very day. His horse was tired, so he would not linger, but must hasten home.

"It is a time of plenty," Grey Eagle's father said. "The hunt has been good all through the spring, and we can well afford to take part in the feast. The young men must practice for the races and wrestling matches, and we shall have many days of sport."

"I suppose it helped us to have the Bear Dance last spring," thought Grey Eagle, as he listened. "We pleased the Bear Spirit and he allowed my people to kill a larger number of bears than I ever remember before. When I am older I shall take part in the dance and do my share in bringing good fortune to my people."

It must have been a strange sight of which the Indian boy was thinking. One of the medicine men prepared for the dance by dressing in the skin of a bear, and even his face was covered by a mask resembling that animal's head.

The medicine man was the leader, and moved about in the dance as much like a bear as possible. He ran on all fours; he squatted; he jumped like the animal itself. The others who took part also wore masks made of bearskin, and followed the leader's movements.

All this meant a great deal to Grey Eagle. His people were lovers of dancing, and the camps were lively with it much of the time. They were often called the Dancing Indians. Yet every dance was given for some reason, and had a meaning of its own.

The great Midsummer Feast passed by. Little Rabbit enjoyed it as much as Grey Eagle did. There were pony races and wrestling matches, and mock buffalo hunts for the boys. There were feasts prepared by the young maidens, who had sent invitations to their particular friends. Dancing and story-telling went on day after day.

Great quantities of wild birds and meat of buffalo and deer were eaten. Many pipes were smoked in token that all were friendly to each other. It was a glorious time, and the summer sun shone down so warm and bright, and all the land looked so pleasant, that no one thought of the long, cold winter that was sure to follow.

Weeks passed by, and nothing was left of the Midsummer Feast for Grey Eagle except the pictures painted in his own mind by his keen memory and the records made by his father in a diary, or "Winter Count," as he called it.

It was made of pictures drawn with a blackened stick upon a buffalo skin. When he should become an old man,

it would tell the story of his life and the deeds of his people while he dwelt among them.

Perhaps you wonder why he called it a *winter* count. It was because among these people the years were counted by the winters.

At last came the Moon of Difficulty, as Grey Eagle would say. This was his name for the month of January. It was a hard winter. The snow had piled in great drifts around the tents, and poor Little Rabbit often lay awake at night and shivered with the cold. He wondered how Grey Eagle could sleep hour after hour and seem so comfortable.

Food was scarce and often the children had no breakfast. There were no long faces or complaints, however. Grey Eagle had been taught to fast from time to time, just as he had been taught to swim, and shoot, and ride horseback. He must expect hard times in his wild life, just as he did easy and pleasant ones.

The young Indians of the camp had many sports to make them forget the cold and hunger. They skated over the icy ponds; they raced over the country on their wide snowshoes; they whipped tops, and gained great skill in that sport.

"Spin tops in winter!" perhaps you exclaim. "Why, spring is the season for that game, with us white boys."

But it was not so with Grey Eagle and his friends.

He often spent the evening sitting by the fire and whittling out a new top. At the same time he listened closely as his father told stories of war, or legends of wonderful beings no human eyes had ever looked upon.

The tops were spun over the fields crusted with icy snow. It was exciting sport. Each boy must keep his own top going as long as possible. What should he do when it reached a soft or uneven place? He must be constantly on the watch and toss it, by means of a stick, to the smooth place beyond. Of course, the winner was the one who kept his own top going the longest.

Little Rabbit enjoyed this sport best of all; but one day he began to feel faint and dizzy in the midst of a game. He tried to steal back to the camp without letting the other boys notice it. He was ashamed of his weakness.

He had gone but a little way when he fell on the snow. When his Indian playmates reached his side, they found he had fainted. They carried him to Grey Eagle's mother, for with them, as with white boys, the mother is the refuge in time of trouble.

"Poor boy," she said, "he is sick from lack of good food."

She tenderly placed him on a bed of buffalo skins and rubbed him with her strong hands.

"He shall have soup, such as we give the old men to

make them strong. I have a little pemmican left, and it shall be used."

She opened a buffalo-skin bag and took out the last of her treasured supply. It was made last summer when the buffalo meat was plentiful. Long strips of the beef had been well dried and pounded into shreds. It was then mixed with the marrow taken from the bones and packed away in skins for winter use.

In a short time Little Rabbit was able to eat the hot soup, after which he declared he felt much better. But he did not offer to get up. "I am still so very, very cold," he said. His teeth were chattering.

Before night he was burning with fever. The Medicine Man was called to the lodge. He looked very solemn.

"I will do all I can," he said, "but I believe a bad and powerful spirit has seized the child."

Charms were used, and the Medicine Man performed a strange dance. Little Rabbit, however, did not know what he was doing. He was talking wildly in his fever.

For three days he lay there tossing and taking no notice of Grey Eagle, who stayed by his side. The red boy had hard work to keep the tears from his eyes. He said to himself, again and again:

"No, I will not cry, or they will think there is another woman in the house beside my mother. Tears are not for boys."

On the third night, while the wolves were howling outside in company with the fierce north wind, Little Rabbit suddenly came to his senses. He reached his poor weak arms out to Grey Eagle and said

"I love you, dear Indian brother."

Then his eyes closed, and he left Grey Eagle and the bitter winter behind him. The human nature of the Indian boy now got the better of his false pride; his overfull heart flowed out from his eyes and he cried bitterly.

He was sad and lonely for a long time. But the bright spring days arrived at last. The wild birds came in flocks; the ponds and lakes were lively with jumping fish; feasts were daily spread before Grey Eagle and his people, and he said to himself:

"I must mourn no longer. I must turn my mind to the brave deeds I shall do when I am a man. That alone will please the 'Great Father.'" For so he had been taught to think of the white man's God.

He returned to the mock battles with his red playmates, and spent more time with his bows and arrows than ever before.

There was only one way in which to drive the sadness from his young heart. He must keep busy! And there was no better way of doing that, than training for the hunt and the warpath.

Elk Calf, the Little Blackfoot

FOREWORD

“A LONG, long time ago,” say the Blackfeet Indians, “we had our home in another part of the country, but the Chippewas drove us away.”

This was long before the coming of the white people, who found them wandering over the plains near the Rocky Mountains in what is now Montana.

“We are Sik-si-kau,” these Indians would tell us. How, then, did the white men come to call them “Blackfeet?” Perhaps it was because they wore dark-colored moccasins, but we do not know.

They were once very powerful. Only fifty years ago it was said they had ten thousand warriors. But to-day only a few of the Blackfeet are left. They are crowded together in a small corner of the country which they are never sure of holding. They cannot be happy when they think of the changes from the old time to these days of weakness and confinement.

Elk Calf, the Little Blackfoot

“BIG MOUTH told a wrong story last night, and now everyone in the camp knows about it.”

As Elk Calf said these words his sister looked up with a very sober face.

“What an awful thing!” she exclaimed. “How did they find him out?”

“Well, you see, it was at the feast at Three Stars’ lodge. The smoking and story-telling had begun, and all were having a merry time. It was Big Mouth’s turn to speak. He told of a wonderful adventure in which he showed great bravery. He had been attacked by a number of bears at the same time; the way in which he killed them all within a few minutes didn’t seem possible.

“The men began to look at each other in surprise. At last Three Stars handed his pipe to a medicine man without speaking. Everybody knew what that meant. The medicine man filled the pipe, lighted it, and solemnly handed it to Big Mouth with these words:

“Take this pipe, but, if you smoke it, you must be as sure that your story is true, as you are sure that there

is a hole through the pipe. If so, you will prosper and live long, but if not, your days are numbered.”

“What did Big Mouth do then?” asked Deer Woman eagerly.

“He turned his head away in shame. He did not dare to smoke the pipe, for he knew he had not spoken the truth. And now everyone in the camp has learned he is a braggart and a story-teller.”

“He ought to go and make his home with Crooked Nose,” said Deer Woman severely. “We are all ashamed of having such people among us. Crooked Nose is obliged to dress like a woman because he is a coward and will not go to war. Not one of the squaws will have him for a husband.”

“He is the only man in the tribe who has shown himself a coward. As for me, I long to go to war. I have learned a good deal about it already, Deer Woman. You know, I followed the last war party.

“The men traveled a whole day before they came to the place where they seized the horses of the enemy. And they did not know I was following them till they reached home again. I wasn’t the least bit afraid. I watched them steal up on the camp at night and pick out the best horses. Then I saw them loosen the animals and lead them away without even rousing the dogs.”

“I hope you will be a great hunter, Elk Calf.”

Deer Woman looked proudly at her brother. Poor child! There was little to make her life an easy one. She had already begun hard toil in helping her mother do all sorts of work. It was the way of the Blackfeet for their women to keep busy and quiet.

As for the men, they smoked and feasted and played games all day long, except when they were hunting or on the warpath.

Elk Calf was never punished. He did as he pleased from morning till night, and yet Deer Woman was as proud of him as any little girl could be of an older brother. She never thought of his sharing her work, for he was a *boy*, and would soon be a man and a warrior. She could not expect him to help her cut the lodge poles, or tan the buffalo skins, or dig the roots that were to be cooked for the men's feasts.

She thought it was quite right for him to be now lying on the ground and lazily talking, while she burned the clay out of which her mother would make paint. Here on the great plains, there were no stores where Elk Calf and his people could buy whatever they needed. Every article they used must be made.

Paint was a very important thing, of course. Elk Calf's father and his friends could not make themselves look elegant without a good supply of paint of different colors.

And so the women were always on the lookout for beds of clay,—red, brown, yellow and white. This was baked and afterwards mixed with grease. Black paint was easily obtained from charred wood.

As Elk Calf watched his sister at her work, the paint made him think of a young dandy he had seen that morning in the doorway of his lodge.

Many of the men had gone out on little hunting excursions. Some had started off in search of antelope that might be feeding near by. Others had learned of stray buffaloes that had wandered away from the herd and had been seen in the valley below the camp.

Still another party of hunters had gone in the direction of the great "Rockies," whose snow-covered tops had looked down on Elk Calf and his sister ever since they were born. These last had gone to surprise the wild sheep that graze on the mountain side.

But the young dandy of whom Elk Calf was thinking, was spending the whole of this glorious morning in making himself look fine. He had brushed and greased his hair with the greatest care and made two long braids, one on each side of his head. He spent at least an hour in painting his face, and had fastened a bunch of owl feathers in his scalp-lock. He was looking proudly at himself as Elk Calf passed by. Even now, he was not

quite satisfied, for he took out the owl feathers and put those of a grouse in their place.

"Won't you come in, Elk Calf?" he said. "I will show you how to make yourself look so fine that everyone will turn to admire you."

The boy smiled, and sat down in the doorway, while the dandy went on with his dressing. His leggings and moccasins were of finely embroidered buffalo skin. He drew them on with great care as he said:

"Don't you think these fit me well, Elk Calf? My mother tanned the skins and spent much time on them."

Now came a very important part of the toilet. It was the choosing of the necklace and earrings,—for the young man had quite a store of ornaments.

Some were of bone, others of wood, but those he decided to use were made of elks' teeth. At last the young man was ready to wrap his long skin robe about him. In the fashion of his people, it reached to the ground. He stepped off proudly, as vain and foolish a young Indian as ever lived. Elk Calf had then left him, thinking:

"It is a good thing to dress well and carefully. No other tribe of the red men take more care of their clothing than my own people do. But it is not well to be vain. My father has taught me so."

You may wonder why Elk Calf's tribe were called "Blackfeet." No doubt it is because their moccasins

and leggings were usually black. Some of the other Indians who hunted the buffalo whitened the skins with clay when they used them for clothing. But the Black-feet never did this. They liked best to keep the natural color of the skins.

Their summer clothing was quite different from what they used in the cold winter time. In the season for cool, light garments, it was made of skins from which all the hair had been scraped; but this hair was left on when it was needed to keep in the warmth in freezing weather.

Elk Calf lived in a tent, as we should call it, all the year round. At first, we should think he would suffer during the cold winter nights. Not at all. The heavy buffalo skins which covered the lodge were closely sewed together by the boy's mother, even though she did use a needle made of a deer's bone and thread of a deer's sinew. The stitches were close and tight, and no cold draft could enter.

Besides this warm outside covering, there was a lining to the lodge. It was brightly painted and made the home seem very pleasant and cheerful when the storms were raging outside. It looked still pleasanter when the fireplace in the middle of the tent was piled high with wood and the sparks leaped toward the opening above.

Many of the homes of the red men are dark and smoky,

but Elk Calf's people had learned wisdom in the building of their wigwams. An air space was left between the outer covering and the lining, so that a current of air was always rising to the opening at the top and carrying the smoke with it.

Elk Calf's mother and the other women of the household were watchful to see that there were plenty of buffalo-robcs for all the family.

Each one had his place in the little home. The couch of the father was at the back of the lodge, directly opposite the doorway, which was covered with a buffalo skin in the winter time. The right side of the lodge belonged to the women and girls; the left was kept for visitors and the sons of the red man.

So you can see that even when Elk Calf was a little child, he held a place of honor in his own home,—for he was a boy, and before long he would be a warrior. It did not make him vain, however. There was never a day when he did not think: "I must grow strong and brave like my father. I must learn to face danger without a fear, so as to be an honor to my people."

When he was a tiny little fellow, he used to plunge into the water of the river for his daily bath. Even if the ice was so thick it had to be broken to get a place to bathe, Elk Calf never complained nor cried out when he touched the freezing water.

"It is nothing to what I must bear by and by," he said to his father, who was pleased with his son's courage.

When he was a little older, he was bitten by a wild creature while he was out hunting, but even then he did not complain; nor did he give a single cry of pain.

"Tears and cries are for women," his father had once said, and the little boy had never forgotten the words.

Sometimes feasts were given to the boys. At such a time a speech was always made by some wise man of the tribe.

"Be brave, be brave!" was always the lesson he tried to teach. Old age was also spoken of. "Do not wish for it, my children. Old people have a hard time. They suffer from the cold. They also suffer when the camp is moved from place to place. They cannot walk easily. They lose their teeth. They become bent and helpless. It is far better to die on the warpath than to live to be old."

This was the kind of advice Elk Calf often received. Deer Woman had lessons of another kind. Her father did not like to see girls noisy or giggling. It is a woman's place to be serious, thought the men of the Blackfoot tribe. So when Deer Woman's father thought she was silly and laughing too easily, he would bid her come to him.

"Look me straight in the eyes," he would say. "Now do not laugh, no matter what I say or do."

Then he would repeat amusing stories and make funny motions. He would go on in this way till his little daughter was able to keep a straight face, and not let a smile creep around the corners of her mouth, although her father did and said many laughable things. When he found Deer Woman could now control herself, he would smile pleasantly, and say:

"That is enough for to-day, my daughter. It is well to laugh and enjoy the jokes of another, but it is also well to have control of one's face. Run away, now, to your work."

After Deer Woman had finished burning the clay, on the morning Elk Calf told her about Big Mouth at the feast, she turned to go home.

"The women are going to open the pits filled with camass root. You would better come and get some syrup," she said to her brother. He was still lying on the grass. His eyes were closed, and he looked as though he were asleep. But he was only thinking of the time when he should go away from home and seek some dangerous, lonely place for fasting.

"That time will not come till after my first war party," he was saying to himself. "Father thinks I had better wait till then. I must not give up and fail, as some of

the young men do. I shall choose the loneliest spot I know, and I shall keep my fast for four days and nights. I may grow very weak, but I know I can do it. Then, I feel sure, I shall be rewarded by a dream. My guardian spirit will come to me in the shape of some animal. It will give me good advice. It will show me what my work shall be when I become a man."

Just at this point, he heard his sister's words. The idea of the delicious syrup made him jump up quickly and follow her to a place behind the lodge where a number of women were at work. Children were dancing around them, sucking twigs and grass.

"Oh, oh, oh! it is so good," cried Deer Woman's little sister, running up to her. "Come and get some before it is all gone."

Two days before, Deer Woman had done her share in digging a quantity of the camass root. After it was brought home, the women made a deep pit. They lined it with stones and built a hot fire inside. When it had been thoroughly heated, the ashes were taken out and the pit was carefully lined with grass. Then it was filled with the camass bulbs. Next came a layer of grass and twigs, while last of all the top was covered over with earth.

A new fire was now started above the pit. It must be kept burning for many hours if the camass bulbs were

to be properly roasted. This morning it was time to open the pit and take out the roots.

When the children discovered what was being done, they gathered around, for their fun would begin now. How they enjoyed sucking the grass that had lain next to the bulbs! It was no wonder, for it was fairly soaked with the sweet syrup that had oozed out.

The bulbs themselves were delicious. They tasted something like roasted chestnuts. Some of them would be eaten at once. But winter would surely follow the warm summer days, and the women must think of that time. So most of the roots were spread out to dry in the sunshine. Then they could be packed away for future use.

Many other roots and different kinds of berries were gathered in the summer season and stored away in the same manner. There were bull berries and sarvis berries, bitterroot and wild rice. Elk Calf was fond of all these things.

One of his favorite dishes was soup made of buffalo meat and seasoned with chokecherries which had been dried and pounded. The stones were not taken out, but they were all the better for that, he thought.

Elk Calf had no salt to use on his food. Neither did he have butter, but the layers of fat on the back of the

buffalo took its place, and the boy was well pleased with the meals spread before him.

All these things happened in the good old days when countless buffaloes roamed over the plains, while deer, antelopes and elk were often seen and easily killed. Oh, there was plenty of food then!

Elk Calf's people grew tall and strong in their healthful outdoor life, with dances and story-telling to follow the daily feasts and send everyone to bed in a happy humor.

Sometimes the boy's father had as many as three feasts in one day. Many times in his childhood Elk Calf heard him calling outside his lodge, asking his friends to eat and smoke with him. Their names were repeated three times in the father's clear, strong voice. There could be no mistake. The invited guests would surely hear and would soon arrive.

Dear me! what a dreadful amount of work for Elk Calf's mother, we think. Not at all. Her husband had several wives, and each did her part in preparing the feasts. So it was not too much work for any one woman.

To be sure, Elk Calf did not have butter, or salt, or milk, but in the springtime he had all the eggs he could wish. He liked to hunt for them along the shores of the streams and in the deep grass. They were laid by the wild ducks and geese, and were very plentiful at that season of the year.

"Some red men have queer tastes," Elk Calf thought. "Now, there are the Sioux. They eat roasted dog and think it a great dainty. Ugh! what a horrible idea. The dog is our best friend and never deserts us. I would not eat a dog for the world. Neither would I touch a snake or a grasshopper. Such food is not fit for a Blackfoot."

The next morning after the camass root had been roasted, Elk Calf was sitting by the door of his lodge making arrowheads. Suddenly he heard the voice of a crier not far away. The man was running through the village, bringing word to the people from their head chief.

"Make ready to move the camp!" he shouted. "It is our chief's order. Two hours after midday is the time he has set for leaving."

No one thought of questioning the command. The chief was wise, or he would not be chief. Besides, the people knew the buffaloes were no longer near them, and the food was becoming scarce.

The women had many things to be done in a few hours. The supplies and clothing must be packed, the tools and dishes gathered together. The tents must be arranged so that they could come down at a moment's notice. The men would collect the dogs and horses.

At the time the chief had set, his tent skins began to flap in the wind. It was the sign for which the village

was waiting. In another moment five hundred other tents were swaying to and fro. Then down they fell, flat on the ground.

The women moved quickly, dividing the poles of each tent into two bundles. The pack horses were seized, and the ends of these bundles fastened upon their shoulders. The other ends dragged on the ground behind. But they were not left to spread out loosely; the poles were fastened together behind each horse by means of a stout brace. This made a rough sort of wagon. Bundles of robes and tools could be fastened here, and also the babies and young children.

In the same manner smaller poles were tied to the trustiest dogs, so that smaller bundles could be put in their charge, but the children were safer riding behind the horses.

Elk Calf once heard his father tell a story about moving-day. It was before the time when his people owned horses. Their dogs were their only beasts of burden.

The party had traveled many miles without any trouble. Suddenly a herd of buffaloes came rushing across their path. The dogs became excited and flew madly after them. The loads were scattered here and there in the tall grass of the prairie. When the excitement was over, two of the babies were missing, and, sad to say,



A LITTLE BLACKFOOT

they were never found, although their anxious parents searched many hours for them.

This was a lesson the people did not forget. Everything really precious was nowadays given to the care of the horses.

Elk Calf's mother led her own pack horse, and carried a large bundle on her back besides. Deer Woman walked with her, while her little sister was safely fastened on the horse's load.

Where was Elk Calf? He had started off on his pony some time before the women were ready.

It was a straggling procession. The head chief led the way, and behind him came the important men of the band. They were all on horseback. They must be on the lookout for buffaloes and other game. Behind them came a long line of horses and dogs with their loads; then, women and old people who could not hurry.

Elk Calf's father had a fire-horn in his charge. Just before he left the old camp he took a buffalo horn which hung from the wall of his lodge and filled it with damp rotten wood. Then he went to the fireplace and took up a brightly burning coal and put it on the rotten wood. A piece of punk was placed over the coal, and the top of the horn was then loosely corked. He carried more punk with him, so that as he journeyed along he could put a fresh piece into the horn as the old one burned away.

It was his especial work to bring fire from the old camp to the new one.

The new home was reached at last. The head chief had said: "This is a good place to settle. We have followed the track of the buffaloes. The herd cannot be far away."

By the time Deer Woman and her mother reached the new camping-ground, they could see fires burning brightly here and there. The young men had gathered piles of wood. The living coal brought in the fire-horn was used to make a blaze in the first pile. Then it was easy enough to kindle the others.

The women at once went to work to set up the lodges. Deer Woman brought a brand from one of the fires, and water from the stream not far away. She placed the mats around the sides of the lodge while her mother was getting the supper ready.

Neither she nor Elk Calf listened long that night to the stories of the older people. They were soon fast asleep and dreaming of the different sights they should see in their new home.

"Do you see that high cliff beyond us?" said a chief, soon after the band had settled themselves. "That is a fine place for building a piskun. There is a large herd of buffaloes not far away, and it will be an easy matter to drive them over the cliff".

Elk Calf heard the chief's words. He was eager to help in building the piskun. You can see he was not a lazy boy. He simply was not *obliged* to work. Now, the only difference between work and play is this,—work is something you *must* do; play is what you *choose* to do. Did you ever think of that? Whatever Elk Calf did, therefore, was play. Nearly everything his sister did was work.

Now we must go back to the piskun, where the red boy was busy for several days. It was a sort of fence built of brush and rocks at the foot of the cliff. It would hold the buffaloes the men would drive over the top of the cliff, and would keep them from escaping.

After the men and boys had finished making the piskun, they climbed the side of the cliff and gathered rocks and brush. With these they lined a pathway reaching out over the prairie. It was shaped like the letter V. It came almost to a point on the edge of the cliff, while the two lines spread farther and farther away from each other as they stretched back to the prairie. Do you understand what sort of a trap was lying in wait for the poor buffaloes?

When it was quite finished, the day was set for driving the herd. On the evening before the drive, one of the medicine men made a prayer for success. Very early the next morning the camp was alive with people

hurrying to and fro making ready for the day's exciting work.

The medicine man neither ate nor drank. He put the head of a buffalo on his own head and, wrapping a fur robe around him, he went out on the prairie. Crowds of people followed him till they came to the V-shaped pathway. They took their places along the sides and hid themselves behind the stones and brush.

But what of the medicine man? He marched out toward the herd of buffaloes. At first, he moved very slowly. When they began to notice him he turned about in the direction of the cliff. As soon as he was sure the animals were following him, he walked faster and faster. The buffaloes thought they were following another creature of their own kind.

At last they reached the pathway. When they were all within it, the people began to rise from their hiding places. They shouted loudly at the same time. The buffaloes were now in a great fright. It was easy enough to drive them along the narrowing pathway till they came to the precipice.

On came the people behind and on both sides, driving and shouting. The frightened animals could not stop or turn around. There was only one thing for them to do. They must jump. Down they went by tens and twenties till not one of the whole herd was left behind.

As they reached the ground at the foot of the cliff, many were killed. There were few, indeed, that did not at least break a leg. Those, however, that fell unharmed could not run away. The stone wall around the piskun prevented this. Of course, it was an easy matter for the red men to kill those that still lived.

Elk Calf enjoyed the day hugely. He joined in the shouting with all his might. Afterwards, when the drive was ended, his arrows were sent several times into the sides of the poor buffaloes as they plunged wildly about in the piskun.

Alas for the poor buffaloes, with their great, sad eyes and beautiful, heavy fur! The arrows of the Indian and the guns of the white men have killed all the wild ones, and they are no longer living a free and happy life on the great western plains. They are looked upon to-day as curiosities.

It was early evening after the busy and exciting day. Groups of people were gathered about the camp. Here were some men in a circle on the ground, playing a game. Over there were children, trying to copy one of the dances of the older people. Feasts were going on in some of the lodges. The sound of drums and the voices of singers could be heard. As the sun set behind the mountains, the great white moon began to rise and soften everything in the camp with her silvery light.

The time for story-telling had come, the time Elk Calf and his sister loved best of all. They joined a group of people sitting around an old man. Once he had been a great warrior, but those days were over. Now he liked best to sit by the camp fires and tell of the scalps he had taken in his younger days and of the fierce animals he had attacked and killed.

But to-night he was telling a story of another kind. It was one that all red boys and girls enjoyed hearing. He called it "The Lost Children."

"Once upon a time," he was just beginning, as Elk Calf and Deer Woman drew near.

"I am so glad we are in time for the first part of the story," whispered Elk Calf.

"So am I," replied his sister. Then they were quiet, for they knew it would be rude to whisper while the old man was talking.

"Once upon a time there were some little children playing together near a river. One of the children was the daughter of the chief. She was very selfish and wanted the best of everything. Why, even if her playmates found a pretty stone, she would insist on its being given to her.

"They did not like this, so they began to take away her playthings and tease her. At last, she burst into

tears, and both she and her sister ran home to their father and complained of how they had been treated.

"The chief was very angry. He did not wait to listen to any excuse from his daughter's playmates. He declared that the camp must move on at once, and that none of his people,—no, not even the naughty children's own parents,—should ever shelter or care for them again. They must not be given food if they followed and came up with the camp.

"Down came the tent poles, for no one dared to disobey the angry chief. The loads were quickly fastened to the dogs, and away moved the camp.

"When the children came back, they found nothing left of the village except some small articles lying about on the ground. These had been forgotten in the hurry of moving. What should the poor little ones do? There was only one thing left: they would try to catch up with their friends.

"On they went as fast as their little legs would carry them. Their keen eyes watched carefully so that they might not lose the trail.

"At last, when night was falling, they came to a small lodge on the prairie. Some were afraid to enter, but others were more daring. As they opened the door, they saw an old woman sitting by the fire. She smiled kindly and bade them enter. She gave them a good

supper and then told them to lie down with their feet toward the fire.

"Now there was a little girl with a baby brother among the children. She slept at the end of the row. In the night she waked up and saw the old woman cutting off the heads of her friends and putting them into a kettle to boil. Her turn came last of all. She begged so hard for her own life and that of her baby brother, and she promised to help the old woman so much in her work, that at last she agreed to let them live a little longer.

"Early the next morning the little girl started off for the river. She had been sent to bring a bucket of water. But when she reached the bank, she found a buffalo.

"‘Take me across,’ she begged. ‘I want to escape from a wicked old woman.’

"‘First get the pine needles out of my hair,’ he said.

"She began to do what he told her, but she soon heard the old woman’s voice.

"‘Come back with that water,’ she cried angrily.

"The little girl kept making excuses. At last the buffalo was satisfied and said he was willing to start. The girl jumped on his back, still holding her baby brother, and they were carried safely over.

"It was none too soon. The old woman came hurrying down to the shore. She was so angry, she was ready to kill the children. When the buffalo came back, she

ordered him to carry her across, too. She wanted to chase the children.

“‘First, take the sticks out of my hair,’ he said.

“This made the old woman very cross. She began to pick them out so roughly that the buffalo became angry, too.

“However, he let her get on his back, and then he plunged into the water. When he was halfway across, he rolled over, and the old woman slipped off his back and was drowned.

“But what became of the little girl and her baby brother? She followed the track of her people, picking berries and digging roots to keep from starving.

“It was a dark, dark night when she came up with the camp. She first reached the lodge of an old woman which was pitched a little way from the others. This old woman pitied the children, and pointed out where their parents lived. Sad to say, when the girl reached her parents’ lodge, they were afraid to let her enter. They went to the chief and told him their children had found the camp. What did the wicked chief do now? He said:

“‘Bind them to a stake. The camp must move on again. The children shall be left to starve.’

“The kind old woman felt sad. She went to her little curly-haired dog and said to him:

“‘When the camp moves away, you must stay behind the others. I will hide dried meat in the grass. After we are all gone, you must gnaw away the rope binding the children. You must show the dried meat to the little girl. Then you can easily catch up with me.’

“The curly-haired dog understood. He did exactly as he was told. He stayed behind. He gnawed away the rope and freed the children. He ran back and forth from the little girl to the meat in the grass till she followed him and found it. Then away he ran until he caught up with his mistress.

“The little girl knew it was of no use to follow him. But she could not stay here. She wandered about over the prairie for a long time, but after several days she found a good place to stop.

“She gathered some poles and brush and built a small lodge. One night, after it was finished, she had a dream. In her dream an old woman came to her and told her to tie her baby brother to one of the poles of the lodge. Every day he must be tied to a different one. Good fortune would surely come if she did this.

“Wonderful things now happened. The baby brother began to grow in the most astonishing manner. By the time he had been tied to all the poles he had grown into a tall, handsome young man.

“And now he, too, had a dream. He did not tell

what it was, but he asked his sister to help him build a piskun. He told her that when he drove the buffalo, she must not look. She must lie with her face down to the ground and not even lift her head.

"It was a hard thing that he asked her to do. Suppose she should be trampled to death!

"When the time came, the girl tried to obey her brother, but she was so nervous that she looked up twice.

"Then her brother was unhappy. 'If you fail a third time, I shall fail, too, and our lot will be hard.' His voice was very sad.

"So the little girl tried very hard indeed to keep from looking up. This time she succeeded.

"It was the beginning of a joyous time for these two. There was always a plenty of good things to eat. The girl made a beautiful new lodge and painted many pictures on the skins that covered it. The boy, now grown into a strong young man, had wonderful skill with his bow and arrow.

"One morning a stranger came to their lodge. He told a sad story of his people. He said they were dying of hunger, for the wild animals had fled far away.

"The young girl was full of pity, for she remembered this man. He was one of her own people who had left her to starve. She told her brother about the visitor and who he was.

"Her brother spoke kindly to the young man, and told him to go to the people of his camp and ask them to come to this place. He promised they should find plenty of food. But he determined to punish his cruel parents.

"The people came. The girl and her brother had a feast spread for them. Presents were given to all who were kind-hearted, but the best of all were handed to the old woman and her dog. Not one was given to the chief.

"The cruel parents were put to death. Then the girl's brother told the people the story of his life. The chief was very much ashamed. He said that his young host should be chief in his place. The people were all pleased and were glad to have this kind, noble young man for their leader. He lived to a good old age, and ruled long and wisely over the tribe."

Elk Calf listened to the story with the greatest interest.

"Those who are faithful are always rewarded," he said to Deer Woman as they went homeward. "How well the old man told the story! As I watched his eyes and the motions of his hands, it seemed as though I really saw that little girl with her baby brother. To-morrow I will tell the story of 'The Lost Children.' I will see how well I can copy the manner of our kind old friend."

Silver Moon, the Little Pawnee

FOREWORD

“WE have never seen braver or bolder warriors than those of the Pawnee tribe.” This is what the white men said when they became acquainted with the Indians living in the land that now forms the states of Nebraska and Kansas.

“Ages ago,” the Pawnees told their white friends, “we came here from the south.”

This is probably true, for they had some customs quite different from other Indians of the plains. They made sacrifices of human beings as the Aztecs did. They were also like them in having different colors for the principal points of the compass. They had servants, and planted gardens. They said: “The gods taught us how to raise vegetables.” They thought of corn as a sacred thing. They called it “Mother.”

The Pawnees were noted horse thieves. They thought a man worthy of great praise if he showed skill and bravery in stealing horses. We must not blame them too much for what seems so wrong to us. They were like many others of their race. Though their bodies were strong, their natures were weak and childlike.

Silver Moon, the Little Pawnee

A PAIR of big black eyes looked down at the busy mother as she sat by the lodge fire making moc-casins. But the woman took no notice and went on with her work. She did not know that her baby girl had waked.

Then came a noise from the tiny owner of the eyes. It was baby talk for:

"Please give me something to eat. I am very hungry."

It was no different from the speech of any other baby, whether it lived in the grand home of some rich American in the city of New York, or in the snow house of an Eskimo. Baby talk is the same all over the world.

This baby was born out on the great plains of our own country. She had never seen any walls except those made of finely sewed buffalo skins, nor any pictures except those which had been roughly painted on these skin walls by her tall, strong father.

"Hush, Silver Moon," said her mother, at last looking up from her work. "You are tired, little one, and hungry, too."

She reached up and took down the wooden frame to which the baby was closely strapped. She unlaced it and put Silver Moon on a blanket which she had spread on the floor. The little feet began to kick and sprawl about, as the baby sucked a piece of dried meat the mother now placed in her hands. It was so good!

Her eyes wandered among the pictures on the walls. They were queer-looking things, we should think,—those figures of men, and dogs, and buffaloes. But they told the story of the baby's father and what he had done during his whole life. There were the pictures of his hunts and the animals he had killed, the scalps he had taken from his enemies, the feasts he had given.

They told of the time when Silver Moon's mother first sat beside him as his wife. They showed the dreadful sickness called "smallpox," which killed so many of his people and from which he recovered.

Yes, these figures told many things Silver Moon did not understand in her baby days. But they amused her for a while. Then she grew restless again and cried for the stiff cradle. You would hardly believe it; the idea of crying to be laced on a stiff board! That is hard to understand, especially as Indian babies very seldom cry for anything.

But cry she did, and her mother stopped once more, placed the baby on the cradle, fastened some toys on the

wooden hoop that was bent over the head of the board, and hung her up once more.

These toys had been carved out of bone and were roughly shaped into the figures of deer and rabbits. The little fingers could just reach them as they hung down from the hoop. It was fun to rattle them against each other, and the baby laughed and crowed with delight.

The moccasins were finished at last. Again the baby frame was taken down. This time it was strapped on the mother's back, for she had work to do outdoors, and wherever she went Silver Moon went, too.

The corn must be weeded to-day, so the baby was hung from the branch of a tree while the mother took her queer hoe, made of a buffalo's rib bone, and set to work in earnest.

She had not been there long before there was a frightened cry from the direction of the baby.

"Dear me! what is the matter now?" she thought. "How fretful my child is to-day. But that is a cry of fear."

She hurried out of the cornfield and came to the tree where the baby had been left. No wonder Silver Moon was frightened, for there was a big black snake curled around the branch and looking down at her with its sharp, wicked eyes.

The mother shuddered as she saw it. But a second

look showed her that the serpent was not a dangerous one, although it was so large. She seized a big stick with which to strike it; but before she could do so the snake had uncoiled itself, slipped down to the ground, and scuttled away into the thick grass. The baby was safe.

Once before Silver Moon had been scared while hanging outdoors. But that time it was because a curious squirrel came too near and was trying to examine the baby's toys. Perhaps he thought they were a new kind of nuts. At any rate, he was trying them with his sharp little teeth when Silver Moon's patient mother was called to drive away the rude visitor.

The baby girl grew fast, and in a few months was able to toddle about after her mother and her older brother. Of course, she did not remember the time the snake scared her. But when she became a big girl, she had not forgotten the first journey she made with her family across the plains. The whole band was moving to a new home where the game would be more plentiful.

The women had to do all the packing. The tent poles were carefully taken down, the buffalo skins were neatly folded, the bags of provisions and clothing were gathered together.

But how were they all to be carried to the new home, hundreds of miles away? There were no wagons, for

not one was owned by the whole band. There were plenty of strong horses, however, and long poles in abundance. One of these poles was fastened to each side of a horse. They were drawn close together near his shoulders and spread quite a distance from each other on the ground behind him. There they were joined together by another pole, and a network of rope was spread from one to the other.

The buffalo skins, the clothing, the pots for cooking, were all placed on this network and carried safely from the old camp to the new one.

Baby Silver Moon was put in a queer wicker frame and made her journey in the same way. She had other babies for company, and they all seemed to like this odd manner of traveling. Bump, bump! they would sometimes go, when the way became rough and stony. It seemed as though they would surely be overturned. But at last, they all reached the new home in safety.

It was in a pretty valley by the side of the broad river. The tents were pitched in a big half-circle, the camp fires were lighted, the men sat down in little groups to smoke, while the women got the supper ready.

Everything looked as natural and homelike in a couple of hours as though the camp had been here for years.

Another thing happened when Silver Moon was a tiny tot that she never forgot afterwards. It was the terrible

prairie fire that overtook her people when they were crossing a great plain.

The air was heavy and yellow when the early risers awoke in the morning. There was a curious odor in the air that they noticed instantly.

"There is danger ahead!" they cried, and the camp was aroused.

"The wind is against us, for it is blowing from the fire in this direction," said one of the chiefs. "Quick! We must make ready. The smoke can be seen along the sky line now."

How could they save themselves? By loading the horses and moving the camp to a new place? No, there was not time. There was a far better way to save everyone.

A short distance beyond the camp the men lighted a fire. It was in the line of the wind, which would carry the blaze onward and away from the tents. The weather had been dry and hot for days, and the grass burned like tinder.

"Crackle! crackle!" it snapped, and the ground was left brown and bare.

The women worked in haste, taking down the tents and moving everything to the place of safety. The men led the frightened horses, while the dogs, with tails between their legs, slunk along close to their masters. The

young children clung to their mothers, some of them crying with fright.

On came the greater fire, leaping along in angry bounds. It seemed like a fearful monster about to devour everything in its path.

But when it reached the cleared space it parted on each side and left those who were gathered there safe and untouched. They had felt the hot breath of the flames on their bodies; they had nearly choked as they breathed the air filled with the dense smoke; but they were safe, and they gave thanks to the All-father for his goodness and loving care.

It is no wonder Silver Moon remembered that time of danger, though she was only three years old the summer it happened.

She was a happy little girl. While her brother, Antelope, was playing ball or war with the boys, she liked best to play house and dolls with her girl playmates. They copied everything they saw their mother do, just as their white and black and yellow cousins delight in doing.

"Go to sleep, dolly dear," Silver Moon would say, as she fastened her darling on a piece of board and hung her up on a twig to swing. Or perhaps she would hold a piece of meat to the lips of the doll and pretend it was hungry and eating it.

It was such a queer-looking doll! It was made of a

roll of skin with a string tied around it where the neck should be.

Silver Moon made dresses for her dolly. When the mother was cutting up a buffalo skin for a new garment, her little girl would beg for the scraps that were left.

"They will make lovely blankets for my dolly," she would say to herself. "I am going to play she is the daughter of a chief and is about to be married. She must have beautiful clothes."

Silver Moon learned to sew, and she carried at her belt a sewing bag and a knife, just as her mother did. It was not much work to cut out the doll's dress; that was certain. There were no sleeves to make, for neither Silver Moon nor her mother had any in their own gowns. They were merely slips of leather, reaching from the shoulders to a short distance below the knees.

But it was the trimming of the dress that would take most of the little girl's time. The skirt must be fringed, of course, and there must be a great deal of beading put on in a pretty pattern.

Now Silver Moon's mother had a goodly store of porcupine quills, painted in different colors and flattened for use. The little girl begged some of these and worked them into the trimming of the doll's dress.

It was fun to sew on the soft, white elk skin when she could get a piece from her mother. The child wished this

dear mother could wear a fresh pretty dress of that all the time, but she had a great deal of hard work to do, and her clothes got dark and spotted, and she could not help it.

"The chief's daughter looks beautiful now," thought the little girl, as she went on with her work of trimming the doll's dress. "She wears moccasins and leggings covered with bead trimmings, but when she gets married and has a lodge to look after, perhaps she will not look any neater than my mother."

She loved her mother dearly and liked to see her dressed as grandly as the greatest woman in the tribe.

"Keep still, dear," she whispered as she put dabs of red paint on her doll's face, as well as a line of it down the parting between the coarse hair she had stuck on the head.

Silver Moon and her friends used to make tiny lodges for their dolls out of the pieces of buffalo skin their mothers gave them. If they were made right, and just like a real "grown-up" one, eighteen poles must be gathered for each lodge. The children went into the woods and broke off enough straight twigs for their work. These must be scraped and smoothed and pointed.

After this work was done, the bits of skin were laid out on the ground and shaped into the covering of the tent.

They must be sewed together very neatly with thread made from the sinews of the buffalo.

Of course, when the lodge was finished and set up, the covering did not fit as nicely as those made by the children's mothers. Nor was the sewing as fine and close. That was not to be expected. But it looked fairly well and Silver Moon had a good deal of pleasure with it.

Do you imagine that she was a serious little girl and that she wore a long face and was very quiet? In that case, you will have to change your opinion, for she was as fond of chattering and romping and laughing as any little girl in the whole world.

When she was not playing with her dolls and the other toys she had made for herself, Silver Moon liked to ride over the plains on her pony, with her pet dog following close behind.

She saw something new wherever she went. Perhaps it was a baby antelope feeding on the hillside with its mother. Or maybe it was the home of a prairie dog and his family and she would chase the homely little creatures just for sport. But, as they are never far away from their holes, she was not able to catch any of them.

There was always something to interest the child and something to tell her mother when she came back to the camp.

She liked to coast down a snow-covered hillside in the

winter time. The runners of her sled were made of the rib bones of a buffalo. What if they were not of steel, and cost nothing but the work of making them? They moved over the ice and snow fast enough to suit any boy or girl.

Silver Moon did not catch cold for lack of rubbers, as she wore stout buckskin leggings and high moccasins. They kept her ankles warm and her feet dry.

The little girl's brother played with her sometimes, but he also had his own games with the boys. Many of these were too rough for the little sister, but she often watched them from a safe distance.

When he was only four or five years old, and Silver Moon was still a baby, Antelope had his first bow and arrow and began shooting at a target. When he was a little older he hunted the ground squirrels and rabbits, as well as the wild ducks and geese that flew along the river's side in the spring and fall.

The little girl was very proud of her big brother when he came home with a bag of birds, and she soon learned to help her mother cook them for supper.

Antelope's favorite game was war. Thirty or forty boys played it together. They divided into two parties and each one chose its position. Bows and arrows were not used now; they were too dangerous. Instead of these, the boys armed themselves with long willow rods

and lumps of wet clay. Each carried a lump under his arm.

When the enemy appeared he must quickly press a bit of the clay on the end of his stick and throw it so that it would hit someone of the other party. The boys must be ever on the watch, for they never knew from what direction they would be surprised.

You have heard how Indian warfare was carried on. The two armies never openly faced each other, but crept along secretly, single file, and tried to surprise each other when least expected. Then, when they were discovered, there would be a yelling and shouting. The mud balls flew thick and fast, and everyone was as eager to cry "coup" as was his father in real war.

Silver Moon always watched this game from a distance and had no wish to take part in it. She had heard stories of great women fighters among her people and the great deeds they had done, but her own heart was not bent on war. She was willing to grow up and be a good homemaker like her mother.

Once upon a time, so she had heard, there was peace among all the red men. No tribe was at war with another. That was long, long ago,—so long that none of her people knew when it was.

There were no bows and arrows in those days, and so



A LITTLE PAWNEE

there was no way of killing the wild beasts that roamed over the plains.

"What did they live on?" Silver Moon anxiously asked her grandmother, who was telling the story.

"Roots and berries, rabbits, which could be trapped, and small birds, which could be struck and killed with long, slender whips," was the answer.

"Did they have enough to eat, grandma?"

"No, my child. There were often times of famine, and many died from lack of food."

"What were their homes made of?" Silver Moon inquired.

"There were many things they could use in place of the buffalo skins you see in our lodge to-day. Our own people sometimes make their lodges of dirt and sod, even now, while in the old home of our people they were built of stone."

When her grandmother spoke of the stone houses, she was thinking of the far west, on the borders of the Pacific Ocean; for there was a belief among many of the Pawnees that they had once lived there, but had afterwards crossed the mountains to dwell on the great plains.

"After a while," the story-teller went on, "the 'Father who is in all places'" (for so she spoke of God) "gave the bow and arrow to the red man.

"Now he could protect himself from the fierce animals

and procure plenty of food for his family. You know that even yet the first buffalo killed in the hunt is always offered to the Father. We are thankful to Him for His great goodness to us in giving us that noble creature for food and covering.

"The buffalo is the most sacred to us of all animals. Your father looks upon it as his greatest friend and helper."

"Yes, grandma, I know it. And that is why he placed a buffalo's skull on the top of the lodge."

As she finished her sentence, her father entered the tent. He was a tall, strong man, and, as his wife rose from her work, one could see that she was much shorter than her husband. The Pawnee women are not so tall as those of many other tribes of the red race.

"Squaw," he said, "I wish to invite my friends to a feast to-night. Make ready the best we have, that they may go away pleased with our entertainment." Then he went out to join a group of men not far away. They were gathered in a circle on the ground and were playing one of their favorite games of chance.

Silver Moon's mother set to work at once. She wished to make a feast that would be worthy of her. The old grandmother and Silver Moon helped her all they could. The stores of corn and meat were opened. The dried berries were made into a savory dish. A peculiar dainty,

beloved by the Indians of the west, was also prepared for the feast.

This was made of dried and pounded meat mixed with fat and crushed wild cherries. The pits of the fruit had been left in, but, they had been pounded so thoroughly, one would not have known they were there except for the delicious flavor given by them.

When all had been made ready, the young man who served Silver Moon's father was sent to tell him to come with his friends.

Few Indian tribes had servants among them, but this was not true of the Pawnees. It often happened that a young man of one family became a helper in a more important one. He was glad to wait upon the head of a lodge and to learn of him.

A game had just ended as the young man reached the group of players. Silver Moon's father came home at once, wrapped his best cloak of elk skin about him, and took his place at the head of the feast. His servant stood in the doorway and shouted the names of those who were invited.

As these visitors entered the lodge one by one, the host pointed out the places where they were to sit. The most important person must be nearest to him and at his left hand.

First of all, there was a prayer. A sacrifice of some

of the food to the Great Father must next be made. Then Silver Moon's mother placed a portion of the food before each of her husband's guests. This was all he was expected to eat. It would be rude for him to ask for more.

While his company were eating, Silver Moon's father had something else to do. He must prepare the tobacco for the smoking that would follow.

At first, there was little talking at the feast; everyone was busy eating the delicious food prepared for them. But when it was almost eaten different visitors began to speak. And now the host filled his pipe and passed it to his servant who was at his right hand. The young man lighted it and handed it back to his master, who placed it in his mouth and drew and blew out six puffs. The first one was upward and was an offering to the Great Father. The second one was downward toward Mother Earth, who had given corn to the red man. Then came four puffs,—to the North, the South, the East and the West,—for good-will must be shown to the whole world.

When this solemn duty was over, Silver Moon's father made a short prayer and passed the pipe to the first visitor at his left, who also smoked and prayed. In the same manner it went from one to another of all the company.

Speeches and stories followed. Close attention was

given to every speaker. No one turned away or whispered to his neighbor. That would have been very, very rude. Each one must listen quietly; he must be ready to laugh at the jokes, and show his pleasure at the noble thoughts that might be expressed.

Antelope sat among the visitors, for he would some day be a man and a warrior; but Silver Moon stayed on the right side of the lodge with her mother and grandmother. They listened closely to the stories and speeches and seemed to enjoy them as much as the men. They did not join in the feast, however, for it was not the custom among her people for women and girls to do so.

Sometimes Silver Moon went berrying with her mother. A number of women always went together and had merry times on the way, singing and telling stories.

Once, when she was very little and the river was high from heavy rains, the party had to cross it in order to reach the berry pasture. The water was too deep for wading and the children were too small to swim. How should they all get across? The question was easily answered. The bull-boats must be used.

The women had just made a number of these boats by stretching fresh buffalo skins over frames woven of willow branches. They were shaped like shallow bowls and were ugly, clumsy-looking things.

Silver Moon was placed in one of these bull-boats; her

mother stepped in after her with a rough paddle, and they were soon moving across the water. The boat tipped from side to side, and the little girl began to cry. But she soon got over her fear and was busy watching the paddle in her mother's hands. The other side was safely reached in a few moments. The berry pasture was now only a short distance away.

It was a lonely spot. Wild animals or a lurking enemy might be near. Someone must keep a sharp lookout while the others picked. Silver Moon kept close at her mother's heels.

The berries were not "picked," but the loaded branches were broken off and the berries beaten from them so they fell upon the clean skin spread upon the ground beneath. They were very thick and clustered close together, and this was a much easier way of getting them than picking one by one, as we do.

When the bushes were stripped, the berries were put into sacks made of woven grass. Then the party started with their rich loads for the home across the river.

That very night Silver Moon was awakened by the barking of the dogs and cries of men outside. She saw her father seize his bow and arrows and rush out of the lodge.

He was too late! His two best horses, which were always fastened near his lodge during the night, had been

stolen. Some of his friends had met with a loss like this. No doubt the horses had been taken by unfriendly Sioux who had crept up in the darkness and were now far away.

A party of the Pawnees jumped upon the remaining horses and started out in a mad chase after the thieves. Would they succeed in reaching their enemies? If so, they might bring back a number of their scalps. But no! when the first light appeared in the eastern sky, they came riding home with a story of failure. But Silver Moon's father said:

"We will pay them yet. There are other days to come, and they will see the time when they shall lose twice as much as we did last night." And he kept his word.

The winter season came and went; another summer was making the people glad. Silver Moon was now so old that her mother said:

"You shall follow the buffalo hunt with me this year."

It was the custom of the Pawnees for the women to go, too, after the men had started out. They did not leave the village as soon as the men did, but kept at a safe distance behind. They carried knives and everything needed for taking off the skins and cutting up the meat after the hunt was over.

News had been brought into the camp that a large herd was grazing not many miles away. Everybody at once began to make ready. Each hunter must carry a

good supply of well-sharpened arrows. These must be looked after first of all. Then the horses must be gathered together near the camp. Those which were fast runners would be needed in the chase, while the pack horses must be ridden by the women and would bring home the loads of fur and meat.

Silver Moon's father prayed and smoked and burned sweet-grass all night long. This would make him pure and would give him the help of the Great Father in tomorrow's hunt. At least, that is what he believed.

Many of the hunters spent the night in the same way. Antelope could not sleep. He was greatly excited. For the first time in his life, he was to go with the men, and not follow behind with the women and little children. He lay hour after hour wondering whether he should succeed in killing a buffalo, or even help in so doing.

With the first light of morning the village was alive with people and dogs and horses moving to and fro. There was a hurried breakfast. Then, down the valley and out upon the prairie went the hunters under the direction of the chiefs, whose orders must be obeyed.

Sometimes Silver Moon's people dressed themselves in the skins of wolves and attacked a herd of buffaloes in this manner. The word Pawnee means "wolf." Perhaps the name of the tribe was chosen because of this queer way of hunting. We do not know.

The men wore little clothing to-day. Moccasins and loin cloths were all they needed. Blankets would be in the way, for hard work and rough riding were before the hunters.

Not far behind the men came the women and children on the pack horses. They were eager to see all they could. They must also be ready to give help when it should be needed.

It was a great day. The herd was taken by surprise. The hunters, with their sharp eyes, picked out the fattest and best, and these were the ones they sought to kill. The frightened, yet angry, creatures fled now in one direction, now in another. In and out among them dashed the horsemen. They did not seem to know what fear was, as they drove their arrows right and left.

It was an exciting time. It did not seem long to Silver Moon before the herd was fleeing in the distance and it was time for her to leave her hiding place and follow her mother out to the hunters. They were moving about among the dead buffaloes and searching for the bodies into which their arrows had been driven.

Each Indian had a mark by which he would know his own arrows. In this way he could tell how successful he had been and know the number of creatures he had killed or wounded.

How quick the women were in doing their share of

the work! In a wonderfully short time the fine skins had been taken from the dead buffaloes and the flesh cut up and loaded upon the horses' backs.

Silver Moon was very tired, now the excitement was over. But she trudged bravely along, looking often at her big brother who had acted nobly in the hunt.

He had kept calm, so his friends said, and although he did not kill a buffalo, his arrow had wounded one of them. He had done well for a boy who took part in a hunt for the first time.

That night Silver Moon had a dream. She thought she saw giants moving about on the great prairie. They were like the giants who lived on the earth before the coming of men. These giants seemed so powerful, in the child's dream, that as they walked along they killed the buffaloes in their pathway by striking them with their hands.

Silver Moon was frightened. She woke up saying to herself:

"Suppose they should come here and touch our lodge! We should all be killed."

She crept closer to her mother's side and whispered the dream to her.

"Do not fear, my darling," said the mother. "There are no giants upon the earth now. The 'Father who is in all places' destroyed them long ago because they rose

up against Him. You are safe by mother's side. So sleep again, my little daughter. Dream, if you can, of the beautiful gifts sent us by the Great Father,—the corn now ripening, the yellow squash and the tender beans. He is indeed good to His people to give them all these things and many more."

FINIS.

